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# Captain Cranberry

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## CHARACTERS

CRANFORD BERRY (CAP'N CRANBERRY), *keeper of the Bay Point Light.*

ABNER FREEMAN, *a retired whaler.*

OBADIAH DANIELS, *postmaster.*

LEMUEL SAWYER, *constable.*

SAMUEL SAWYER, *his son.*

LEE GORDON.

PETER PRETZEL POMEROY.

NAT WILLIAMS.

ARIEL FREEMAN, *Abner's daughter.*

HEPSY SAWYER, *Lemuel's wife.*

CYNTHIA TINKER.

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Living-room in Cynthia's home, Bay Point, Cape Cod.

ACT II.—The same ; the next morning.

ACT III.—Room in Abner Freeman's old fish-house on the shore ; late afternoon of the same day.



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# Captain Cranberry

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## ACT I

SCENE.—*Living-room in CYNTHIA TINKER'S home. Exits L., R. and C. There is a fireplace R. front. There should be a stairway at L. C., but it is not absolutely necessary, as another exit may be used representing exit to up-stairs rooms. There is a large center table with a lighted lamp upon it. Old style chairs.*

(*As curtain rises, CYNTHIA TINKER stands by the fireplace. She is removing some vases and pictures from mantel and packing them into a box which is on the floor near the fireplace. CYN. is about forty, rather small, bright and energetic. There is a knock at the door C.*)

CYN. Come in and, for the land sakes, shut the door quick !

*Enter HEPSY SAWYER, C. She is about thirty-five, tall and wiry. She wears a man's oil coat and hat.*

HEP. (*as she enters*). Well, I should say ! (*Slams the door.*) Ain't this a night though ?

CYN. It certainly is. Are you crazy, Hepsy ? Or is somebody sick ? Whatever on earth brought you out in all this storm ?

HEP. You, Cynthy ! (*Removes coat and hat.*) I thought I might be able to help you some an' I couldn't bear to think of you alone here on your last night.

CYN. (*taking hat and coat*). That's more'n kind of you, Hepsy. There's a roaring fire in the kitchen stove. I'll hang your coat up to dry, and put on some water to make a cup of tea.

(*Exit, R. HEPSY walks to fireplace and stands warming her hands.*)

*Reënter CYN., R.*

HEP. You are really goin' in the morning, Cynth ?

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CYN. (*energetically*). I really am.

HEP. Well, how you can be cheerful about it beats me! How do you know you'll like it over to Falmouth and how do you know as you'll get along with the people you're going to keep house for?

CYN. I don't know anything about it, Hepsy, but I've got to give it a try. I ain't got money enough to live on an' I can't set down in this house and starve. I can't eat the shingles nor the wall paper. I'm doing the only sensible thing there is to do.

HEP. Trust you to do that, Cynthia. Can I do anything to help you? Hev you got everything packed?

CYN. Yes, all that I'm going to pack. I was just finishing the last few little things. Cap'n Daniels thinks he can let the house all furnished.

HEP. (*explosively*). What?

CYN. So that I won't have to bother to have my things moved out an' some—some day (*looking around the room with a sigh*), I may be able to come home an' everything will be here waiting for me.

HEP. Cynthia Tinker, do you mean to say that Obed Daniels has let this place already?

CYN. He thinks so.

HEP. (*excited*). Who to? Do tell, Cynthia!

CYN. I don't know who it is.

HEP. Don't know? My land! Do you mean that you didn't ask him?

CYN. I haven't seen him yet. He jest sent me a message by Bennie Hill.

HEP. And you ain't the slightest idee who it is?

CYN. Not the slightest.

HEP. My land! I shan't sleep a wink to-night. Land sakes! Who could it be, Cynth? To want a house all furnished? Why in the land o' goshen ain't they got furniture o' their own? Must be somebody awful queer coming to town. Good land, that reminds me! I most forgot to tell you! Arey Freeman is at home.

CYN. Why, what do you mean, Hepsy?

HEP. Jest that! She come on the afternoon train. Her eyes hev give out and the doctor won't let her study any more this year an' she's come home.

CYN. Why, I can't believe it. Are you sure, Hepsy? Have you seen her?

HEP. Oh, yes, I've been over. My Sammy told me first an' I declare to goodness I didn't know whether it was the truth or one of Sammy's fairy tales. Sometimes I think that young one will be the death of me an' Lem before we ever get him raised. It's the most wearing thing! He keeps us guessing all the time. You can't tell more'n half the time whether he's telling the truth or lyin'!

CYN. Oh, Hepsy, you shouldn't speak that way about Sammy. He's a dear little fellow and awful good-hearted, and —

HEP. (*interrupting*). Now don't you go to takin' his part! He's all you say maybe but that don't make it out he can't tell the biggest yarns of any young one that walks! And what do you suppose? His father went into the store the other day and found him telling one of his tales to the Center Church minister. Lem like to have swooned. He said he guessed things had gone jest about far enough and he walked Sammy home in a hurry, I tell you! And do you know the Rev. Mr. Peters told Lem he ought not to blame Sammy. Well, Lem was struck in a heap. "Not blame him fer lyin'?" says Lem. "He don't mean it that way," says Mr. Peters. "The boy is a wonder. Why, genius just burns in him and he must let it out. If he keeps on this way you may have a famous writer in your family some day." Wal, I declare to goodness, Lem nearly went crazy. He warmed Sammy plenty that night and then he set a shingle up on the kitchen mantel and told Sammy to keep his eye on it, and when he felt genius burning to jest remember that with his father's help that shingle could make things a good deal hotter for him than ever genius thought of doing. A writer! My land! Lem can't stand anything sissy, you know. The Sawyers have always been able-bodied men, and able to do a day's work as long as they breathed. Why, Grandfather Sawyer lived to be a hundred and three, and weighed two hundred, an' the day he died he worked six hours and ate seven pancakes and five hot biscuit for his tea. That was his last night on this earth.

CYN. (*dryly*). I should thought it might have been.

HEP. Hey? What did you say, Cynthia?

CYN. (*hastily*). I—I was—going to ask you about Ariel. You went over?

HEP. Yes, as soon as I made up my mind that Sammy was telling the truth I started right over and what do you think I found? Five women there ahead of me! Ain't that terrible?

Shouldn't you think they'd have let her alone, jest gettin' home that way, an' she looked tired to death, though I must say she is prettier'n ever. An' I says to her, says I ——

SAMUEL SAWYER (*outside*). Maw! Oh, maw! Be you in Miss Cynthy's house?

HEP. (*starting up*). Good land! Sammy! What's he want? (*Going toward door, c.*) It's a pity a body can't go calling without bein' chased up by the family! (*Opens door.*) What do you want? No! You're too wet to come in.

CYN. (*quickly*). No, he isn't! (*Goes to door.*) You come right in, Sammy. I don't mind a little water. I've lived too close to it all my life to be afraid of it.

*Enter SAM., c. He is about nine years old, small for his age and rather delicate looking. He is a decidedly pretty boy and in decided contrast to either mother or father. He wears raincoat and hat and rubber boots.*

HEP. Take your feet right off this floor!

SAM. (*uncertainly lifting first one foot then the other*). How'll I do it? Where'll I put 'em, maw?

HEP. (*pulling him onto a rug*). Stand on a rug! My land! Did any one ever see sech a young one? What do you want o' me?

SAM. A man has stole father's pipe.

CYN. (*astonished*). Good land!

HEP. (*sternly*). Now, Samuel Henry, that will do right now before you go any further!

SAM. 'Tain't no story, maw. It's so. I was a-goin' along an' ——

HEP. (*warningly*). Samuel Henry!

SAM. (*beginning to whimper*). It's so, maw. I tell you it's so!

CYN. Gracious, Hepsy, I'd listen to what he says.

HEP. Listen to sech foolishness?

SAM. 'Tain't foolish, maw. Pa's over to the store, you know he is.

HEP. (*disgusted*). Yes, leave it to your pa to hang out at the store.

SAM. An'—an'—it isn't pleasant out ——

CYN. (*laughing*). No, I guess it ain't. That's one truthful story, Sammy, if you never tell another.

SAM. (*beginning to grow encouraged*). An'—an'—pa for-

got his pipe an' he sent me home for it, an'—I was goin' along holdin' the pipe in my hand—an'—an'—you can't see a thing out, the fog's so thick—an' a man come right out the fog an' grabbed the pipe out o' my hand an' ran off with it.

CYN. (*with a gasp*). My land!

HEP. Samuel Henry, where do you expect to go when you die?

SAM. It's so! It is so, maw!

CYN. Well, of all the queer—

HEP. Didn't I tell you? He jest lost that pipe somewhere and that's the kind of a story he makes up, and the Rev. Mr. Peters thinks he is smart.

CYN. Well, my land, if he can tell it off as natural as all that and look as innocent as he does, he sartain is smart. Sammy, you don't really mean a man took your father's pipe away from you? Bay Point folks don't do things like that.

SAM. I don't believe it was any one in Bay Point.

HEP. Nor in any other town. You march yourself home as straight as you can go.

SAM. No, no! I ain't! Not alone! I ain't a-goin' out alone again to-night. He'll jump out at me again. I'm scared an'—an'—cold.

HEP. Well, you jest go an' tell your pa where his pipe's gone to an' you won't complain about bein' cold any more.

SAM. (*beginning to cry*). It's so, maw! It's so!

CYN. My land, Hepsy, he does look scared.

HEP. (*grimly*). Yes, he knows his pa pretty well. Wal, I suppose I got to travel along. All the time I get to make social calls you can put in your eye. Lem can set in the store and talk hours on a stretch, but I'd like to ever get a chance to say anything. I'll get my coat. [*Exit, R.*]

CYN. (*going to SAM. and speaking coaxingly*). Sammy, if you lost the pipe, why don't you own up to it? It would be ever so much easier for you in the end.

SAM. (*throwing his arms around her*). I didn't, Miss Cynthy. A man took it!

*Enter HEP., in hat and coat.*

HEP. I'll see you again 'fore you go, Cynthy.

CYN. (*going to door with them*). All right. My land! Ain't it thick? [*Exeunt HEP. and SAM., C.*]

HEP. (*outside*). I never see it worse. You can't see an inch 'fore your nose. Walk along, Samuel Henry!

(CYN. closes door, walks slowly to fireplace and puts some things into box.)

ARIEL FREEMAN (*calling from outside*). Miss Cynthy! Oh, Miss Cynthy!

CYN. (*hurrying to door and opening it*). Ariel! You blessed child!

*Enter ARIEL. She is about eighteen; light complexioned; exceedingly pretty.*

ARIEL. Don't touch me! I'm soaked! (*Throws her coat off.*) Will this be all right?

(*Throws coat over the back of a chair and turns chair toward fire.*)

CYN. Yes, of course. How in the world did you ever get here? You can't see your hand before your face.

ARIEL. Well, I couldn't if it was clear, so it doesn't make much difference, but I could find my way to your house if I was stone blind.

(*Goes to CYN. and throws her arms around her.*)

CYN. (*alarmed*). Your eyes, Arey? It isn't really serious?

ARIEL. No, they will come out all right but it's a good deal of a nuisance. I can't see across this room.

CYN. Good land, you blessed child! You are sure you will get over it?

ARIEL. Absolutely, but it will take time and I have got to try to have patience. My, but it's good to feel your arms around me!

CYN. And it's good to feel them there, but you ought not to have come way over here such a night as this is!

ARIEL. I ran away. Father said not to come, but they told me a dreadful story about your going away in the morning and I just had to see you: It isn't true, is it?

CYN. Yes, it is true, dearie. There's no other way.

ARIEL. Why, it can't be true! There must be some way. Why, what am I going to do without you? You are all the mother I have got, and I need you to help me bear my troubles. Surely you could find something to do here in Bay Point.

CYN. No, I can't. There isn't a thing. The factory over to Tylerville has shut down for good. Layford has failed, and



there ain't another thing I can do in my own home, so I got to go out of it to earn a living.

ARIEL. Some one else will be sure to take the factory and you can get work again.

CYN. Some time, maybe, but I can't set around and wait.

ARIEL. It will be summer before long and maybe you could get some boarders.

CYN. Now you know, Arey, that summer people haven't begun to come here yet. Maybe they will some time, but I can't wait for them, either.

ARIEL. Well, I don't care! It's simply dreadful! I know you don't want to go! Why, you love this house and everything in it! I have heard you say so time and time again.

CYN. Yes, you have, dearie. It's—true—(*breaking down*) I don't want to go.

ARIEL (*kneeling by her*). Oh, how selfish I am! I was just thinking of myself. I shouldn't have spoken to you that way.

CYN. I have tried to put a brave face on it, but it's jest takin' my heart out.

ARIEL. You are all worn out. I bet you have cleaned and packed all day! Haven't you?

CYN. (*faintly*). Yes.

ARIEL. And you haven't had a mouthful of supper, have you?

CYN. No, I don't want anything.

ARIEL. Yes, you do!

CYN. (*protesting*). No, I couldn't eat a thing, dearie.

ARIEL (*rising*). Yes, you could! It's just what you need. Now you sit here and rest and I will get you something to eat.

CYN. No, no —

ARIEL. But I say, yes, yes!

[*Exit, R.*

CRANFORD BERRY (*outside*). Whoa! Port your hellum! (*Slight pause. CYN. listens and dabs at her eyes with her handkerchief.*) I say, Miss Tinker! Ship ahoy!

CYN. (*in a shaky voice, going toward the door*). Ye-es, Cap'n Berry!

*Enter BER. He is about fifty, with gray hair and a smooth face browned by wind and sea. He has a kindly manner, a rough but hearty voice that can be heard at a long distance, and he carries a package.*

BER. Well, Miss Tinker, how be you?

CYN. (*swallowing*). Pre-t-ty well.

BER. Well, I'm glad to hear it! It's more'n you're lookin'. Obed was jest telling me that you are setting sail for a new port in the morning. I jest stopped in to tell you I'm sorry to hear it. You've been mighty kind to me since I come a stranger to Bay Point, an' I couldn't let you go 'thout tellin' you I appreciate it. (*Places package on table.*) I brought you a little fruit from the store. Jest as a little farewell gift. I don't know how good it is. Obed don't keep much of a assortment but you can eat it on the train; 'twill help to kill the homesickness.

CYN. Oh-o-o! Cap'n Ber-ry!

(*Sits down and bursts into tears.*)

BER. (*very much upset*). There, now! There, now! I didn't mean to set you to pumping for salt water that way! I always was an awful clumsy duffer!

CYN. (*trying to control herself*). No, no, you're not! You are jest as kind as you can be! It's your kindness that's upset me. I'm awful nervous to-night and tired! I don't want to go, Cap'n Berry. I ain't lettin' folks know it. I ain't tellin' Hepsy Sawyer and the rest of them but what I'm tickled to pieces over it.

BER. Good idee! What Mis' Sawyer don't know won't hurt her, but what she does know keeps pressing on her brain until she has to let it out or die from concussion. (*Glances about the room.*) You don't feel that there is any way you can stay here?

CYN. No, there isn't. I have thought of everything, but there is no way. (*BER. walks to the fireplace and stands warming his hands and looking thoughtfully into the fire.*) I love my little home, Cap'n Berry. I was born here in this house. Mother died here and father and me lived a long time here together. After father was too old to go fishing he still had his pension, and with what I could get to do we managed to pull along, and after he died I managed to get along by myself though it wasn't quite so easy. Father called this the Anchorage, and I never supposed I would have to leave it. I've worked hard to stay, and it doesn't seem right for me to have to go.

BER. You really mean that you don't think it is right for you to have to go?

CYN. That's the way it seems. Father left the home to me



and intended I should live here, and it doesn't seem right to have to leave.

BER. Then I shouldn't leave. I should stay right here.

CYN. (*astonished*). Good land, Cap'n, what do you mean?

BER. Jest what I say! 'Tisn't a good idee to do a thing you think it ain't right to do.

CYN. But land sakes, Cap'n, how could I stay here? I can't live on empty air, can I?

BER. Well, no, not exactly that. I'll tell you, though I don't know as I'll be very good at finding the right words to tell you jest what I mean. You say you think it is right for you to stay here. Now if you really think and believe that, why—stay! You say this is your home and a way has always been provided for you to live here. Miss Cynthy, you have faith in something. All of us have! We all have a Beacon light we're steering our course by. Well, jest as long as it's been fair weather an' you had your Beacon plain in sight you sailed along all serene, but jest the minute the fog shut in you lost your grip on the steering gear. Miss Cynthy, I reckon the Keeper of the Beacon expects you to believe that He is there and the Beacon is shining jest as bright as ever, and when the fog lifts the rays will be all the brighter to guide you in the right course.

CYN. (*astonished and somewhat breathless*). But—I don't understand exactly. What do you think I ought to do?

BER. Jest keep your faith in the Beacon! Miss Cynthy, if a ship was trying to make port and the fog was so thick they couldn't see my light, I should feel mighty bad if they thought I was laying down on the job jest because the weather was rough. No, Miss Cynthy, they know I am there, and the light is burning, and they jest stop a while until the fog lifts and they can see their course more clearly. Miss Cynthy, why don't you jest stop a while and say with all your might—"this is my home in foul weather as well as fair. The fog is lifting and the Keeper of the Beacon is sending me brighter rays to steer my course"?

*Enter* ARIEL, R., *carrying a tray.*

ARIEL (*gaily*). Now for supper! (*Stops suddenly.*) Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't know you had callers, Miss Cynthy.

(*Looks uncertainly toward* BER., *who she can see but indis-*

*tingtly. He gives her one look, reels back against the mantel breathing hard.)*

BER. (*hoarsely*). Who—who —

CYN. (*is upset herself and doesn't notice his agitation*). Miss Freeman. Abner's daughter. Arey, this is Cap'n Berry.

ARIEL. Oh, yes, the new keeper of Bay Point. I'm glad to meet you.

BER. (*recovering*). Same to you, Miss. Well, I'll set sail for the Point, Miss Tinker. I wish you didn't feel that you had to be leaving us in the morning, but whatever course you steer jest keep your eye on the Beacon and I wish you luck.

*(Shakes hands with her.)*

CYN. Thank you, Cap'n Cranberry. (*Aghast.*) Oh, I beg your pardon. You see so many call you that and —

BER. That's all right! That's all right! I got to be a Berry, and I might as well be a cranberry as any other kind. Evenin', ladies. [*Exit, c.*]

ARIEL (*arranging things on the table, and pouring tea*). Here's supper, Miss Cynthy. You'll feel better after you have some hot tea.

CYN. (*looking after BER.*). I—I believe I'm feeling better anyway.

BER. (*outside*). Belay there! Heave to! All aboard! Gid'ap! Now, we're off!

ARIEL (*smiling as she listens*). I like him, Miss Cynthy; although I only saw him a minute and didn't really see him either.

CYN. (*sitting by table and beginning to eat*). He's a splendid man if there ever was one!

ARIEL. Who is with him at the light?

CYN. An old shipmate. They're doing their own house-keeping, an' I must say I'd like to see the inside of a house run by a couple of men. Cap'n Berry followed the sea for years, and I have heard tell that he lost his wife and child in a shipwreck. I don't believe he's ever got over it. From something he said one day I imagine he's had a pretty sad and lonesome life, but he certain makes the best of it. He's invested in a cranberry bog up the cape, an' that and his name was enough 'to set folks goin', and he's pretty generally called Cap'n Cranberry, but I'm mortified to death to think I should call him that right to his face.

ARIEL. I don't believe he cared.

CYN. He wouldn't let on if he did. My land, Arey, you ain't told me a thing about yourself yet. Weren't it hard to leave school? Won't it make a difference when you go back?

ARIEL. No, I can catch up with my class when I get my eyes again, and they bothered me so much I was rather glad to give up the fight and come home. There's only one thing bothering me. Father says Nat Williams is expected home any day.

CYN. (*sharply*). Well, what of it?

ARIEL. You know what of it!

CYN. Now see here, Arey, your father has surely got over that foolishness. As well as he loves you he won't try to marry you to a man you don't love. Didn't say anything to-day, did he?

ARIEL. No, only that Nat is coming and praised him to the skies, the way he always does. I can't imagine why he cares so much for Nat.

CYN. (*decidedly*). Well, you don't have to even if he does. I don't believe your father will start that thing to going again.

ARIEL (*with a sigh*). If he does I had about as soon be dead. I owe so much to my father, and I want to please him but I never could make up my mind — (*Stops abruptly.*)

CYN. No, of course you couldn't. I never was struck on Nat myself. I can't imagine what ails your father.

ARIEL (*rising*). I must go back. Dad went to the store and I slipped out. (*Takes her coat from chair and puts it on.*) If he goes home and finds me gone such a night as this, he will sound the fire alarm and get out a searching party. (*Kisses CYN.*) Good-night, Miss Cynthy. I—I—oh, I won't say anything more to make you feel badly, but I can't believe there is anything right about your going away. I'll see you in the morning. Good-night. (*Opens door, c.*)

CYN. - Good-night, dearie. My land, it grows worse! You ought not to try to go home alone.

ARIEL. Nonsense! (*Exit.*) I guess I know Bay Point.

(CYN. *closes door, walks back to table and pours another cup of tea. She starts to drink it.*)

BER. (*outside*). Whoa! Avast there! Heave over your anchor! Ahoy, Miss Tinker!

CYN. (*surprised*). Yes, Cap'n. (*Starts toward door.*)

BER. (*entering*). Didn't expect me back quite so soon, did you? I've lost my pipe. (*Feels in his pocket.*) It's durned

queer ! I most generally keep it in this pocket. I thought maybe I dropped it here.

*(Begins to look about on the floor.)*

CYN. *(joining in search)*. I haven't seen it. Are you sure you had it with you ?

BER. Sartain ! I never travel without it, an' I declare I'd about as soon go back home without my head.

CYN. Land sakes ! You can buy another pipe, can't you ?

BER. Yes, but not jest like this one. This pipe came clear from Calcutta and it sartain is one of my best friends. That pipe an' me has faced some black times together and she has always proved a true comrade in rough weather. Well, I guess I didn't drop her here. *(Tries to speak carelessly.)* Little gal gone ?

CYN. Ariel ? Yes.

BER. *(curiously)*. Ariel ? That ain't no name for a girl.

CYN. Ain't it ? I always thought it was real kind of pretty and fancy.

BER. Fancy enough, but it's a boy's name. How'd she happen to be called that ?

CYN. Well, of course Cap'n Freeman didn't know her real name and he said Ariel was some spirit of a storm or a tempest or something, and the name seemed real fitting.

BER. *(with an effort)*. Ain't—ain't she Freeman's own daughter ?

CYN. Land, no ! Ain't you never heard nobody tell about Arey Freeman ?

BER. *(leaning against the table and gripping the edge with his hand)*. No. Where'd she come from ?

CYN. Abner found her when she was a baby. It was after a big storm and there'd been a lot o' shipwrecks and she was lashed to a spar.

BER. Where was it ?

CYN. Near some foreign port. I forget where. At first he thought she was probably a foreign baby, but as she grew older he declared her folks must have been good Yankees. At any rate he has made a good one of her. *(Suddenly noticing him.)* Why, Cap'n Berry, what's the matter ?

BER. *(pulling himself together)*. Nothin', Miss Cynthy, nothin' but a memory. I'll say good-night again, but not good-bye. Somehow, something tells me that you ain't goin'

ter leave us after all. (*Exit, C. Outside.*) Port your hellum, Nathan. All aboard!

[*Exit CYN., R., with some of the dishes.*

(*There is a knock at the door. The knock is repeated. ABNER FREEMAN enters, C. He is about fifty, tall and straight, iron gray hair and beard; is rather nervous and inclined to be irritable.*)

ABNER (*as he enters*). Cynthia! Cynthia!

*Enter CYN., R., hurriedly.*

CYN. Land, it's you, Cap'n Abner?

ABNER. Yes. Is Cranberry here?

CYN. No, he has been here but he is gone. Hasn't been gone but a few minutes though.

ABNER. Couldn't catch him such a night as this if he hadn't been gone but a minute.

CYN. Dreadful, ain't it?

ABNER. Couldn't be much worse. I hear you are leaving in the morning, Cynthia. Doesn't seem as if there was any need of that.

CYN. Doesn't seem so, does it? I have about decided that it isn't right.

ABNER (*sharply*). Isn't right? What do you mean by that?

CYN. Why, this has always been my home and I think father would want me to stay in it.

ABNER. Your father? What are you bringing him up for? He's dead. You don't know what he would want.

CYN. (*surprised*). Goodness, Cap'n Abner, you are touchy to-night.

ABNER. Foolishness always makes me touchy. I suppose some simpleton has hinted to you that your father was cheated or something and if you had what was rightfully yours you wouldn't have to leave.

CYN. (*astonished*). Why, Cap'n Abner, have you gone crazy? No one ever dreamed of such a thing.

ABNER. 'Twould be just like them! (*Abruptly changes the subject.*) Have you heard that Ariel is at home?

CYN. (*guardedly*). Yes, I heard.

ABNER. Nat Williams has come home to-night, too.

CYN. (*shortly*). Has he? Why do you name them two almost in the same breath?

ABNER. Good couple to name together.

CYN. To your way of thinking, perhaps.

ABNER (*walking toward door*). It's a mighty good way. (*Turns uneasily and comes back.*) See here, Cynthy, if you want me to, I'll lend you some money to keep you going until you can get some more work of some kind.

CYN. Why, Cap'n Abner, that's more'n kind of you.

ABNER. I'd be glad to do it. I was always a good friend of your father's. You know that, don't you?

CYN. Yes, indeed. Father thought everything of you.

ABNER. Well, how much do you want?

CYN. Not anything. I appreciate your kindness but I couldn't do that.

ABNER. Better do it. I'm perfectly willing.

CYN. No. No, thank you.

ABNER (*walking to door*). Well, just as you like, but don't say I didn't offer to help you. Good-night.

(*Exit, C. CYN. stands looking after him puzzled for a second ; then she walks to fireplace, turns and looks about the room slowly, repeats softly.*)

CYN. "This is my home in foul weather as well as fair. The fog is lifting and the Keeper of the Beacon is sending me brighter rays to steer my course."

(*Suddenly and determinedly takes the pictures and vases from box and places them back on the mantel.*)

OBADIAH DANIELS (*knocking on the door*). I say, Cynthy ! This is Obed ! Kin I come in a minit ? (*Enters C. He is small and wiry, white hair and whiskers.*) Land, Cynth, I'm nearly drowned ! Sech a night an' the queerest thing's happened. Fer the love of Admiral Farragut will you lend me a lantern ?

CYN. (*laughing*). I'll lend you one for love of yourself, Obed. We don't need to go way back to Admiral Farragut.

OBAD. I wish you meant that, Cynth. 'Tain't no way to joke with me 'bout love. I should think you'd be ashamed to. You know I've been dying of love for you ever since we learned our a-b-abs together.

CYN. 'Tain't love that ails you, Obed, it's indigestion.



You fell in love with my lunch pail years ago and thought it was me. You never have got over your love for my—lunch pail!

OBAD. By tunket, that ain't fair, Cynth. I come over here to-night to tell yer there ain't no need of your leavin' Bay Point. If—if—you'd jest take a pardner into your business—you—you know I'm ready—more'n ready—hev been fer years.

CYN. Don't, Obed! Please! You are kind. I know how kind, and you deserve a good deal better partner than I would ever make.

OBAD. I'd be satisfied. I shouldn't fret 'bout that a mite.

CYN. I thought you came for a lantern, Obed.

OBAD. No, I wuz comin' anyway, but I decided I needed a lantern. Fog's so thick you can't cut it with an axe and somebody's stolen my pipe.

CYN. (*astonished*). What?

OBAD. Ever hear tell o' sech a thing?

CYN. (*staring at him*). Never!

OBAD. Land sakes, Cynth, be you struck?

CYN. I don't know but I am, or else everybody else is. How did it happen?

OBAD. Why, I wuz walkin' along an' some one runs up behind me, puts his hand in my pocket and then kites off fast as he could go. At first I was so s'prised I didn't know what had happened, an' then after a second I puts my hand in my pocket an' my pipe wuz gone. I suppose he thought he'd got my pocketbook.

CYN. I ain't so sure o' that. You're the third I've heard about that's had their pipes took this evening.

OBAD. (*at the top of his voice*). What? Well, fer the love o' Admiral Nelson who's the others?

CYN. Lemuel Sawyer and Cap'n Cranberry.

OBAD. Wal, sufferin' cats! I'm goin' right over ter Lem's! Must be a lunatic loose in Bay Point, an' gosh all fog horns, he'll murder some one in this fog 'fore he gets through!

CYN. Wait a second! I'll get you a lantern!

(*Exit, R.* OBAD. *walks about very much upset.* CYN. *re-enters with lantern.*)

OBAD. (*grabbing it and starting for the door*). Much obleeged!

CYN. Obed, you sent word you had somebody to take this house for me.

OBAD. Yes, I hev, Cynth, some folks up to Barnstable.

CYN. (*slowly*). Well, tell them please the place ain't for rent any longer.

OBAD. Hey? How's that? You mean somebody else has took it?

CYN. No. I'm going to stay myself.

OBAD. You? Why, I thought you couldn't. What's happened? Air you goin' ter hev some more work to do?

CYN. (*hesitating a second*). Ye-es, I'm going to have some more work to do.

OBAD. (*curiously*). What are you goin' ter do, Cynth?

CYN. I—I can't tell you to-night.

OBAD. Secret, eh?

CYN. Yes, a secret jest now. I'll tell you later.

OBAD. Wal, I kin wait, I reckon. I'm mighty glad you're goin' ter stay. Good-night, Cynth. [*Exit, c.*]

CYN. Good-night, Obed. (*Locks the door; goes to fireplace; picks up box; carries it out R.; reënters; goes to mantel; winds a clock; goes to center table; picks up lamp; starts toward stairs; stops; half turns back; repeats softly.*) "The fog is lifting and the Keeper of the Beacon is sending me brighter rays to steer my course." (*Suddenly speaks impatiently.*) Cynthia Tinker, you sartain are the biggest fool that walks! (*Starts toward the stairs.*)

LEE GORDON (*knocking at door*). Oh, I say! The house! (*CYN. turns back and listens, startled.*) Is anybody home? (*Knocks again.*) May I come in?

CYN. (*uncertainly*). Who—is it?

LEE. You won't know if I tell you. I'm a stranger around here. I'm lost and I want some one to tell me where I am at.

CYN. (*putting lamp on table, then slowly unlocking and opening door*). You sound all right. I'll risk it even if you are a stranger in Bay Point. Come in!

*Enter LEE. He is about twenty-one, very slight and boyish in appearance and manner. Decidedly likeable.*

LEE (*with a gasp*). Thanks! (*Slams the door.*) My name is Gordon. Lee Gordon. (*Leans back against the door.*) I never was so nearly all in!

CYN. I don't wonder. I don't know when we ever had



sech a night. Go over by the fire and get dry. And hev something to eat.

LEE (*going toward table*). Great! I could eat a whale!

CYN. (*taking teapot from table*). I'll get you some hot tea!  
[Exit, R.]

LEE (*hurrying to door, opening it and speaking cautiously*). Pete! Are you there? Come up into the shelter of the door and I'll let you in as soon as I can. (*Shuts door; hangs coat on chair by fire. CYN. reënters with tea; pours him a cup. He sits down by table.*) Say, but you are kind! I've heard about the Cape Cod folks before, and now I can well believe what I have heard. It's great of you to do this. How do you know but what I'll murder you and get away with the silver?

CYN. I'll risk it. If you want to murder me for a butter knife and seven teaspoons, go ahead. That's all I got that's solid.

LEE. Thanks for the tip. I guess it isn't worth while. In return for your hospitality I will tell you the history of my bright young life. I'm an artist and I have come down the cape looking for a place to stay a while and do some sketching. I have made the trip in an auto, and I should have had sense enough to have stayed in Orleans over night. I didn't realize how bad the storm was going to be.

CYN. Where's your car?

LEE. Anchored somewhere above here. I simply couldn't make it budge another inch so I had to come on afoot. (*Rises.*) I'll have to find lodgings. Gee! (*Looks about.*) I hate to go on. Say, you couldn't consider—— (*Hesitates and looks at her doubtfully.*) I don't suppose you would think of such a thing as—as——

CYN. As taking you in?

LEE (*eagerly*). That's what I meant. Of course it's awfully nervy of me but I do like this little house—and—and I like you, too. You have been so mighty kind. It seems almost as if I was sent right here.

CYN. (*looking at him with a staring look*). It does seem that way, that's a fact. You can stay.

LEE. Honest? You mean just over night, or as long as I please?

CYN. As long as you please.

LEE (*joyfully*). Say, but that's great! Gee! What luck!

CYN. (*rising suddenly*). Ain't it? I'll go right up and see about your room.

(*Exit, R. Reënters with a lamp and exits by stairs.*)

LEE (*looking after her, goes to door, C., and opens it*).  
Pete! Quick! Come in!

*Enter* PETER POMEROY, C. *He is about LEE's age; inclined to be stout and usually very good-natured, but now he is decidedly out of patience.*

PETER. Say, of all the —

LEE. Hush! I'm going to stay here! Did you ever hear such luck?

PETER. Never! Where am I going to sleep? In the shade of the pump in the back yard?

LEE (*glancing uneasily toward stairs*). No, I'll try to get you up-stairs for to-night. The landlady seems to be alone here and she will never know the difference.

PETER (*going to table*). And you had some eats! Do you know what h-o-g spells?

LEE. Hush! Will you? Here! (*Opens door, L., cautiously and looks out.*) Get in here out of sight! (*PETER grabs some food from table.*) Now, don't move until I say the word. (*Pushes him toward door.*)

PETER (*as he exits L.*). Sure! Fido doesn't come till he's called.

*Enter* CYN., *by stairs.*

CYN. It's all right, Mr. Gordon. I'll get you some towels and then you can go right up.

(*She exits R. LEE rushes to door, L., and pulls PETER into room.*)

LEE. Pete! Quick!

PETER. For heaven's sake! I had just got settled to eat lunch!

LEE. Up the stairs, quick! (*Pushes him toward stairs.*) I'll be right up!

PETER (*starting to go up-stairs, turns back*). Say, I forgot to tell you I got three. (*Takes three pipes from his pocket.*)

LEE (*impatently*). Three what? Oh, pipes! Three pipes already! Good work, old fellow! This is going to be some adventure.

PETER. Huh? I should worry about the adventure. I want my stomach filled up and a night's sleep!

[*Exit by stairs, eating a piece of bread.*]

*Enter CYN., R., and hands LEE a lamp and some towels.*

CYN. Now, you can go right up; first door on the right.

LEE. If you knew how much I appreciate your kindness. Why, it's too good to be true. (*Starts toward stairs.*) I think I must be dreaming.

CYN. Not yet.

LEE (*looking back and laughing*). But soon! Good-night.

CYN. Good-night. (*LEE exits by stairs. She stands looking after him.*) Well, Cynthia Tinker, maybe you ain't such a fool after all!

CURTAIN

## ACT II

SCENE.—*Same as in Act I. The next morning.*

*(The table is set for breakfast. CYN. and LEE are seated at the table. The center door is open. It is a bright sunlight morning.)*

CYN. More coffee, Mr. Gordon?

LEE *(passing her his cup)*. Don't care if I do, Miss Tinker. Do you know, I am positive that I am dreaming!

CYN. I ain't sure but I am myself. This has all been rather sudden.

LEE. That doesn't express it, Miss Tinker. When I think of all the things that have happened since I left Orleans yesterday noon, I feel as if I had been struck by a landside, and landed right side up in Paradise.

CYN. Land, Mr. Gordon, that ain't no way to talk.

LEE. Isn't it? Well, if these muffins aren't heavenly, I never struck anything that was. The only thing that worries me is a fear that you will regret your kindness in taking in a derelict, and want to withdraw from your part of the bargain. Do you? I hate like time to give you the opportunity, but I know I took advantage of the storm to get a shelter last night. Do you want me to release you?

CYN. I ain't said anything about it, have I?

LEE. No, but you certainly are taking a chance. You haven't even asked me for references.

CYN. No, I'm taking you on faith, and if I'm satisfied to do it I shouldn't think you need to worry.

LEE *(reaching across the table and shaking hands with her)*. Miss Tinker, you're a brick! I feel just as if I had come to visit my aunt, or something. I hope you will never regret your kindness. *(As CYN. passes him the plate of muffins.)* No, don't. Have mercy. If I eat another mouthful I shall have to be helped from the table. *(Rises.)* That's the best breakfast I ever ate, and believe me, the landlady is way ahead of the breakfast.

CYN. Land sakes, that's no way to talk to a woman my age. What do you think of the view from here?

LEE (*going to door*). Perfectly corking. It cleared off great, didn't it?

CYN. Think this will be a good place for your work?

LEE. Yes, if you happen to have a window on the back looking out onto a nice quiet little hen-house.

CYN. (*astonished*). What on earth do you mean? You don't want to paint a hen-house, do you?

LEE. Paint a ——— (*Suddenly realizes what she means.*) Oh, no, no, of course not! I get you now! You—you don't understand me, of course. Well, I have to work where there's nothing to look at.

CYN. Land o' goshen, what do you paint?

LEE (*airily*). Oh, anything, any little thing I take a fancy to. I have a good long look at it, and then I paint it from memory. If I should look at the object I was painting I shouldn't paint, I should just sit and look.

CYN. Well, I never heard the beat!

LEE. Odd, isn't it? I suppose you have heard of the impressionist art. Well, I belong to a new line. It's called the memorist art.

CYN. You don't say? Well, folks are never satisfied. They're always getting up something new. Land, if you're so newfangled as all that (*glancing at table*), I don't know as I'll be able to suit you.

LEE (*starting toward stairs*). I should worry! I may have an up-to-date line of art, but I've got an old-fashioned stomach. [*Exit by stairs.*]

CYN. (*looking after him and smiling*). Land sakes!

(*She takes some dishes from table and exits, R.*)

*Enter SAM., C., in his school suit, cap and sweater.*

SAM. Miss Cynthy! Miss Cynthy! (*Stops and listens, then goes to table.*) Gee! Muffins!

(*Puts one in his pocket, and starts to eat another. He goes to door, listens; to stairs, listens; takes two pipes from his pocket, looks about uncertainly, puts one in the pocket of LEE'S raincoat which still hangs over chair by fire. He still looks about uncertainly; goes to table; opens the sugar-bowl, puts other pipe in, and puts cover on. He*

*then runs out, C. Slight pause. LEE comes half-way down-stairs. CYN. enters R. with a pan but without noticing. CYN. exits, C.)*

LEE (*looking up the stairs*). Come on! Hurry up! She has gone out but she is apt to come back!

*Enter PETER by stairs.*

PETER. Say, how long do you suppose I am going to stand this "come on, hurry up" business? You seem to think I'm a regular little baseball ready for you to bat around whenever you happen to be in a playful mood.

LEE. There, don't be peeved. Didn't I get you a shelter from the storm? Now, get out, quick, and come back later, and ask Miss Tinker to board you. It's best we should be in the same house but whatever you do, don't let on that you know me.

PETER. Don't fret! I wish I didn't. I'm not at all proud of the acquaintance. (*Goes to table.*) The way you always manage to get next to the eats is a caution.

*(Eats a muffin and pours some coffee.)*

LEE. We must get to work just as soon as possible. I've got to throw a bluff about the artist business. Say, what are you going to pretend you are doing in Bay Point?

PETER. Don't let that worry you!

LEE. Well, you don't want to choose the same thing I have.

PETER. Say, you make me tired! You haven't got the only crop of brains on earth. I guess I can think up something for myself, and you just bet it won't be any such silly line of labor as you are engaged in.

*(Takes all the muffins from the plate and exits, C. LEE stands looking after him a second and then slowly exits by stairs. Slight pause.)*

*Enter HEP., C.*

HEP. Cynthia! Cynthia! (*Looks about, goes to door, R.*) Where are you? (*CYN. enters C., with a pan of potatoes.*) Oh, there you are! I couldn't hardly wait to swallow my breakfast. Obed Daniels came over last night an' he said you'd got some more work an' weren't goin' ter leave after all. I

wouldn't 'a' been ten seconds gettin' here if it hadn't been for the night. Did yer ever see sech a storm as we had last night? I wuz scared to come over agin. How'd you happen ter git work after I left, Cynthia? Weren't it dreadful sudden?

CYN. Yes, it was rather sudden.

*(Sits down and pares some potatoes.)*

HEP. And my land, how did you happen ter get work on sech a night?

CYN. The storm sent the work to me.

HEP. *(astounded)*. The storm sent it? Cynthia Tinker, what air you goin' ter do?

CYN. Well, I suppose you might as well know one time's another. I've taken a boarder.

HEP. *(with a little scream)*. A boarder! Cynthia Tinker, who? Fer the land's sake, tell me before I die!

CYN. Hush!

*Enter LEE by stairs.*

LEE. Pardon me, Miss Tinker.

CYN. That's all right. Mr. Gordon, this is one of my neighbors, Mrs. Sawyer.

LEE. Delighted, I'm sure.

HEP. *(all eyes)*. Land sakes, I'm pleased to be acquaintanced.

LEE *(taking his coat from chair)*. I think I'll go up shore and see what has become of my car.

HEP. I hope you will find it there all right.

LEE. Oh, it's there! I'm not worried about that. What troubles me is how I'm going to get it here. *[Exit, c.]*

HEP. *(breathlessly)*. Cynth—is that—you ain't never—do tell—my land!

CYN. Well, Hepsy, are you overcome?

HEP. I—I am! Cynthia, is that young flip your boarder?

CYN. Yes.

HEP. Where—where did he come from?

CYN. Out of the storm last night.

HEP. You ain't telling me that you've took in a stranger?

CYN. No, I'm not telling anything. You are doing the telling, but it's what I did.

HEP. What do you know about him?

CYN. He paid me a month in advance. I don't need to know any more.



HEP. Well, I'm beat ! I never heard the match ! Where did he come from, and what did he come for ?

CYN. You will have to ask him a few things yourself. I haven't known him very long.

HEP. Well, if he'd stayed in my house over night I'll bet I'd have known.

CYN. (*impatiently*). Do you think we sat up all night ?

HEP. And do you know, I wuz so upset when Obed told me about you gettin' some work, an' he didn't know what, said it wuz a secret. My land, I thought I should go out o' my head, I wuz so upset. I forgot to ask him about that family who wuz coming without any furniture. It went clean out o' my mind until he'd gone out an' then it come over me all to once. I made one leap for the door and opened my mouth good and wide to yell Obed ! An' jest then a gust o' wind and rain come round the corner an' knocked my breath clean down my throat. I thought I wuz a goner fer a second, but the thought o' them people without any furniture brought me to, but by that time Obed hed gone an' I don't know yet who they be.

CYN. (*dryly*). That certain is a pity, Hepsy.

LEMUEL SAWYER (*outside*). Hepsy ! Hepsy ! Be you in there ?

HEP. Yes, Lem ! What is it ?

*Enter LEM. He is tall and angular ; about forty years old, and self-important.*

LEM. Mornin', Miss Cynthy. I hear you ain't leavin' us after all.

CYN. No, I've decided to stay.

HEP. Lem Sawyer, what do you suppose Cynthy has up an' done ?

LEM. I swan, I give up. You wimmen folks is likely ter do most anything. What now ?

HEP. She's took a boarder. A teetotal stranger ! Took him right out o' the fog last night.

LEM. Well, that ain't the only queer thing that wuz done in the bay last night. Where's Samuel ?

HEP. Samuel ? Mercy sakes, gone to school, I suppose. (*Looks at clock.*) No, 'tain't time yet. I don't know where he is.

LEM. Well, I got to get holt o' him before he gets into school. Come an' look for him !



HEP. What on airth has he been up to now?

LEM. Nothing. I got to find out some more 'bout that pipe business. I guess fer once there wuz more truth than poetry in what he told. There wuz seven pipes stole last night.

HEP. } (together). Seven?

CYN. }

LEM. Yep! An' the post office wuz broke into!

HEP. What?

CYN. Mercy sakes!

LEM. I guess there ain't been sech doin's in this town fer quite a spell. I reckon as constable o' Bay Point I'm goin' ter be pretty busy. By the way, Cynthy, you say you've took a stranger in? Where does he hail from?

CYN. Why—why, he didn't say. Land sakes, Lem, he's nothing but a boy. You wouldn't go to suspecting any one jest because they was a stranger in town.

LEM. I dunno. I'll be back later. I got to keep my eye on everybody, strangers especially.

HEP. That's right, Lem. I see this little flip that's boardin' with Cynthy an' I don't like the looks of him at all. I wouldn't trust him as fur as I could heave a cat!

(Exit, C., followed by LEM.)

CYN. (indignantly, following them to door). Hepsy Sawyer! (Stands looking after them a second, and goes slowly back to table. She suddenly discovers the empty muffin dish.) My land! Two dozen muffins!

(BER. sticks his head in the door.)

BER. (at the top of his voice). Fresh mackerel!

CYN. (turning with a start). Land sakes, Cap'n! Is it you?

BER. (laughing and stepping in). I reckon it is! You didn't go after all?

CYN. No, I didn't. Cap'n Berry, it's the strangest thing. After you left last night, I—I got to thinking about what you said. It was enough to set anybody thinking and the more I thought about it, the more I believed you were right and finally I said jest what you told me to, and I put back all the things I had been packing and made up my mind to stay right here. Then I said it again, and I was jest thinking that I was making a terrible fool of myself, when there comes a knock at the door,

and a young fellow comes in out of the storm and wants to board with me.

BER. (*smiling*). Yes?

CYN. My land! Is that all you are going to say? Aren't you surprised?

BER. No. It was odd the way it happened, but something, you know, was bound to happen.

CYN. Well, I'm beat! I ain't got over it yet.

BER. (*taking her hand*). I'm glad, Miss Tinker, glad as I can be, an' now you jest keep your eye on the Beacon and you will make port all right. Like your boarder?

CYN. Oh, yes, he's a nice little fellow with a real taking way, if I can only keep him filled up. If he eats everything the way he eats muffins I don't know. Ain't you over early, Cap'n?

BER. Yes, rather. The constable telephoned fer me to come over soon's I could. Seems to have been a good deal goin' on last night. Post-office robbed and seven pipes took.

CYN. You didn't find yours then?

BER. No.

CYN. Ain't it the queerest thing?

BER. Seems kind of that way. I'll look in agin before I go back to the point. I'd kind of like to get a look at your boarder.

CYN. Well, I guess you won't be the only Bay Pointer taken that way. I expect the whole town before the day is over.

BER. (*laughing*). Shouldn't wonder. Well, I've got a special reason for wantin' to see him. (*Heartily.*) I'm glad, Miss Cynthy, more'n glad!  
[*Exit, c.*]

(CYN. *clears the remaining things from the table and exits*  
R., *leaving sugar bowl and pitcher of water on the table.*

PETER *knocks several times at door, and finally steps in.*

CYN. *enters, R., and looks at him in surprise.*)

CYN. Land sakes! I thought I heard some one knocking.

PETER (*with a low bow*). Yes, madame, I knocked but receiving no response to my vociferous attack upon your door, I took the unprecedented privilege of entering your charming domicile, I will not say unheralded but unbidden.

CYN. (*staggering*). Well, for the mercy, wh-what—did you want to see me?

PETER. If you rejoice in the euphonious name of Cynthia Tinker, it is you I seek. Are you Miss Tinker?

CYN. Good land, yes! What on airth do you want?

PETER. I seek a place to satisfy the cravings of the inner man. Also a place to rest my weary brain.

CYN. I should think likely your brain would be weary. I don't seem to understand yet what it is you're driving at. If you'd jest tell me kind of plain like what you want of me.

PETER. I would like to board with you.

CYN. (*staggered*). What?

PETER. Alas! Is that not plain enough? How can I say it in a more simple form? I would like to sleep in one of your rooms, eat of your delicious muffins.

CYN. Muffins? What do you know about my muffins?

PETER. In faith not much, but you have a look about you which tells me that you are an expert at muffins.

CYN. (*half convinced*). Whatever made you come here?

PETER. I met a lady somewhat loquacious, but seeming n'ertheless to know whereof she spoke, who advised me to come.

CYN. Is that so? Must have been Hepsy Sawyer. Hum! Mighty free about advising people to go to other people's houses. What did she say?

PETER (*doubtfully*). You really wish me to tell you?

CYN. (*grimly*). Yes, every word.

PETER. Let me think. She said inasmuch as you had been foolish enough to take in one poor silly imitation of a man, you might be crazy enough to accommodate as big a fool as I appeared to be.

CYN. Indeed? To pay her for that I will take you. If I'm going to have the reputation of running a lunatic asylum I might as well have plenty of inmates. Who be you?

PETER. Peter Pretzel Pomeroy. (*Bows low.*)

CYN. For the land —

PETER. From Brookline, Mass.

CYN. What are you going to do here? Write poetry stuff about the sand dunes and the ocean?

PETER. Alas, no! I am no poet. I am an agent for the Holton-Holland Co. I am demonstrating a useful little household article, called the Ladies' Little Charm. No housekeeper can possibly be happy without one.

(*Takes a clothes sprinkler from his pocket and shows it to her.*)

CYN. For the land—what is it? Looks like the top of a pepper-pot.

PETER. You have never seen one?

CYN. (*hesitating*). No-o, I guess not. What is it for?

PETER. Oh, joy! Oh, bliss! Oh, rapture! They haven't reached Bay Point yet. I'm the first on hand. This, dear madam, is a clothes sprinkler. (*Takes a bottle from his pocket.*) If you will just let me fill this with water, I will show you how it works. (*Takes pitcher from table.*) Is this water or champagne? Water, of course! (*Fills the bottle and puts on the sprinkler-top. He then places a handkerchief on table.*) Spread your clothes on the table and sprinkle lightly, wets them all over the same. It can likewise be used to sprinkle the floor (*illustrating*) before sweeping. To water the flowers!

CYN. For the land sakes, stop! There won't be a dry spot in the house!

PETER. Likewise to shampoo the hair.

(*Waves the bottle over his own head and then over hers.*)

CYN. (*desperately*). If you will stop I will buy one.

PETER. You, madame? Never! I give this to you from the depths of a grateful heart. (*Bows and places it on the table.*) Just show it to your friends. (*Abruptly changing the subject.*) What room do I occupy?

CYN. Why, come right up and see! (*Goes toward the stairs followed by PETER.*) The best room is taken but I guess I can satisfy you maybe.

PETER. Not the least doubt of it, madame. To be fortunate enough to secure a room in your house is like finding the dime in a birthday cake. [*They exeunt by stairs.*]

(*Slight pause. ARIEL enters, C., in a white linen dress, with a cap and sweater.*)

ARIEL. Miss Cynthia! Miss Cynthia!

*Enter LEE, C.*

LEE (*stopping and regarding her in astonishment*). Ariel!

ARIEL (*doubtfully, as she turns toward him*). Why—why—it's Lee, isn't it? (*As he moves toward her.*) Why, I can't believe it can be!

LEE (*taking her hand*). And I can't believe it is you! Why, Ariel, how do you happen to be here?

ARIEL. My eyes are troubling me and I had to come home.

LEE. Home? My heaven, Ariel, is Bay Point your home?

ARIEL. Yes. Didn't you remember?

LEE. No. I remembered it was Cape Cod but I didn't remember the town, and to think that I have come to your home! Ariel, it seems years since I have seen you.

ARIEL. Why did you leave New Haven without seeing any of your friends?

LEE. I know what you must think of me. Things looked too black against me, but, Ariel, I am not as black as I was painted. I have come down here to start all over again. I have been told that I have a brilliant future ahead of me along a certain line. I have splendid opportunity, and I am going to make good or die. Do you understand why I'm so anxious to make good? Did you understand before—before the smash came, how much I cared for you? And I dared to hope that you cared a little, too. Did you, Ariel?

ARIEL (*breathlessly*). Oh, you mustn't talk this way!

LEE. Can't you give me just a word of hope to encourage me to work? I will never bother you. I will never ask anything of you until I prove to you that I am straight. Ariel, didn't you care just a little?

ARIEL (*softly*). Yes.

LEE (*joyfully*). Ariel!

ARIEL. Oh, why did I say that? I have no right to offer you any encouragement.

LEE (*stepping toward her*). Ariel —

ARIEL. Hush! I hear some one coming. (*Suddenly.*) Why, Lee, I was so surprised to see you that I never thought. Have you taken this house? Has Miss Cynthia gone?

LEE. Gone? Of course not! I am boarding with her.

ARIEL. Boarding with Miss Cynthia? Why, you can't be! She was going away.

*Enter CYN. by stairs.*

LEE. Well, here she is to answer for herself.

CYN. Oh, it's you, Arey? I wondered who was talking down here. Do you know Mr. Gordon?

ARIEL. I have met him before. He went to Yale and my

school is near there, you know. We have met at—at some social affairs.

CYN. (*delighted*). Well, now, that's real pleasant, ain't it? I have taken another boarder, Mr. Gordon. I hope you don't mind.

LEE. Not at all. The more the merrier. Who is it?

CYN. I don't believe I can ever remember what he said. It's Peter, I am sure of that much, and he sells clothes sprinklers for a living.

ARIEL (*amused*). What?

LEE (*astounded*). Good lord!

CYN. Real kind o' comical, ain't it?

LEE. I should say it was!

ARIEL (*taking up the bottle on the table*). Is this one of them?

CYN. Yes, and it works real kind of cute, too.

LEE (*looking at it*). Good-night! Oh, Miss Tinker, I got my car up here and I was going to ask you if it would be all right to run it into this little house out back here?

CYN. Why, yes, if it's big enough.

LEE. Just about right, I think. Thank you. I will see you later, Miss Freeman.

ARIEL. Good-morning, Mr. Gordon. (LEE *exits*, C. ARIEL *goes to CYN. and throws her arms around her*.) Oh, Miss Cynthia, you aren't going after all! Wasn't it dreadful sudden, your taking Mr. Gordon?

CYN. Well, it was rather unexpected. He was hunting around in the fog last night for a place to stay, and he came here, and after he got here he didn't want to leave.

ARIEL. Wasn't that wonderful?

CYN. (*with a curious smile*). Yes, I think it was kind of.

ARIEL. I'm so glad. I never needed you so much in my life as I do now.

CYN. What's the matter?

ARIEL. Nat Williams came home last night. It—it seems that before he sailed this last time father about the same as promised him that I would marry him after I graduate.

CYN. Arey, what are you talking about?

ARIEL. What am I going to do?

CYN. As you please, of course. Your father is crazy.

ARIEL. It's so hard. I want to please father and there isn't a thing in the world against Nat. He is a good man and doing well.



CYN. There's lots of good men doing well in this world, but that don't make it out you got to marry them all.

ARIEL. I just can't make up my mind to marry Nat.

CYN. Of course you can't. (*Decidedly.*) You are too young to marry any one.

ARIEL. Why, lots of girls younger than I am marry.

CYN. Well, because some folks is foolish — (*Suddenly stops and looks at her.*) Laid o' goshen, Arey, there ain't some one you want to marry, is there?

ARIEL (*faintly*). I didn't say so.

CYN. Who is it?

ARIEL. No one in Bay Point, Miss Cynthy. And it can't ever come to anything. He is just the kind that father wouldn't approve of.

CYN. I never knew it to fail.

ARIEL. And I'm so unhappy. (*Begins to cry.*)

CYN. (*dryly*). Of course! Dyin' of a broken heart!

ARIEL (*reproachfully*). Why, Miss Cynthy!

CYN. (*going to her and putting her arms around her*). There, child, you know I'm sorry for you. Only you're so young, it seems so kind of foolish for you to be talking about marrying any one.

ARIEL. I haven't got any mother—and—and—(BER. enters, c., *unnoticed*) dad's going against me, and—if—if—you don't stand by me I'll die!

CYN. There, child — (*Suddenly notices BER., who is trying to make a quiet exit.*) Oh, it's you, Cap'n?

ARIEL (*springing to her feet*). Oh!

CYN. It's Cap'n Berry!

ARIEL (*trying to choke back her tears*). Good-morning.

CYN. Go in my room, dearie. [*Exit ARIEL, L., hastily.*]

BER. (*awkwardly*). I'm sorry I happened —

CYN. That's all right, Cap'n. I guess you think women folks are always crying.

BER. That's their privilege and safety valve. There's times when the men would like durned well to cry, but they swear instead. Wha-what did she mean about her—her father's going against her?

CYN. Oh, she didn't just realize what she was saying. I don't believe Abner would ever really go against her. He worships the ground she walks on, but he is acting queer all of a sudden.

BER. What's the trouble? Of course 'tain't none of my

business, but sometimes an outsider can help, unexpected like, you know.

CYN. I'm afraid no outsider can help in this. It looks like some trouble between Arey and Abner. He's set on her marrying Nat Williams.

BER. Cap'n Williams that sails for Howland Gordon o' Boston?

CYN. Yes.

BER. Well, he's said to be a likely sort o' chap, ain't he?

CYN. Oh, yes, but you don't believe in a girl's being forced to marry a man she doesn't care for, do you, even if he is a likely sort of chap?

BER. Is Cap'n Abner forcing her?

CYN. I don't know as he is exactly, but he's terrible set on it, an' I don't see why. He's had two spells before this of trying to induce her to say "yes" to Nat. It's terrible queer. He tries to make her feel that she owes everything, even her life, to him, and it's her duty to obey.

BER. (*frowning*). Oh, he does, eh? Then she knows she ain't really Freeman's daughter?

CYN. Oh, yes, she knows it, but she doesn't realize the difference. She wasn't more'n a year old when he found her.

BER. Never had no clues as to whom her own folks was?

CYN. No, I guess not, although I think I've heard tell he has some things that were on her, a locket or something, I don't remember what. He's been a good father to her all these years. I can't imagine what ails him now. Well, there's lots o' queer things in this world, and lots of unhappiness. (*Suddenly.*) Well, if I'm going to get dinner for—land, Cap'n Berry, I forgot to tell you. I've taken another boarder.

BER. Well, you are rushing things, ain't you? Say, Miss Tinker, do you know anything about the young chap you took in last night?

CYN. No, not a thing!

BER. Seems a good sort of fellow?

CYN. He certain does. He's got a real taking way with him. (*Alarmed.*) What's the matter, Cap'n Berry?

BER. Well, of course there was considerable excitement in town last night, and of course a stranger always causes a lot of talk, and his coming mysterious like——

CYN. (*interrupting*). There wasn't nothing mysterious about it fur's I can see.

BER. Well, some people look at it different, especially



Hepsy Sawyer. That woman's got a northeast gale blowing off the end of her tongue fresh every hour. Anyway they've got it going that this chap you've took in may be concerned, and I expect you will have the whole crowd down here in a few minutes.

CYN. My land, Cap'n Berry, that boy never had nothin' ter do with it in this world. He is as innocent as—as—as a little ba-a lamb. Cap'n Berry, you don't believe that I did wrong in taking him in? You know you—you ——

BER. Yes, I know, and I think you done jest right. I know you wouldn't have taken a stranger in if it hadn't been for what I said, and don't you worry a mite, Miss Cynthia, no matter what anyone says, I will stand by you. Where is your boarder? I'd like to have a look at him.

CYN. He's out in the back yard trying to get his car into father's old carpenter shed. Come out and see him.

[*Exit, R., followed by BER.*]

*Enter LEE, C. He wears his raincoat. PETER comes down-stairs.*

LEE (*joyfully*). Well, old man, you got in?

PETER (*with dignity*). Certainly. I should worry but what I could get into any place where they would take you. Have you heard the excitement in town this morning?

LEE. No, I have been up shore after the car. What's going on?

PETER. Seven pipes were stolen last night.

LEE. Seven? Why, you said three.

PETER. I said I took three.

LEE (*puzzled*). Well—but —— (*Staggered.*) You don't mean to say some one else took the other four?

PETER (*looking surprised*). Why, I supposed you were the some one else!

LEE. Well, you have another think. I know absolutely nothing about it. I left that part of the job to you, and why—great heavens, Pete! Seven pipes? Just the number we planned on taking!

PETER. Exactly. That's why I thought you had a hand in it.

LEE. But what do you make of it?

PETER. I don't make. We wanted a mystery. We've got it! The sooner we get to work the better.

LEE. That's right.

PETER. I'll go out and see if I can hear something more.

LEE. Good idea, but whatever you do, don't let on that you know me.

PETER. Don't fret about that. I never saw you before.

(Exit, C. LEE looks after him a second and exits by stairs.)

Enter NAT WILLIAMS, C. *He is tall, dark complexioned, about thirty-five, and rather self-important. He has the appearance of always getting what he goes after. He glances about.* ARIEL enters L.

NAT (*rushing forward and taking her hand*). Ariel! I have been chasing all over Bay Point after you. Hepsy said she thought you came down here. I couldn't wait to see you again.

ARIEL (*with an effort*). How do you do, Nat?

NAT. I couldn't realize my good luck when I heard you were at home, although of course I am sorry about your eyes. I wish you would tell me that you are glad to see me.

ARIEL. Why, of course I am always glad to see old friends.

NAT. That is too impersonal. I want you to say you are glad to see me.

ARIEL. You are somewhat exacting, aren't you?

NAT. Ariel, don't talk to me that way. I can't stand it. You know how much I care, and you must try to care, too.

ARIEL. Must?

NAT. You understand what I mean.

ARIEL (*wearily*). Haven't we been all over this before?

NAT. We have several times, and we are going over it again and again. I have thought of you all this home trip, little dreaming that I was coming straight to you. I thought I should have to wait until summer before I saw you again. Now that I haven't got to wait I don't intend to lose one minute.

ARIEL (*impatiently*). I shouldn't say you did.

NAT. There is no one in my way. I'll make you care for me.

ARIEL (*angrily*). Will you, indeed? Do you expect to do it by yourself? I guess you will have to call for help.

NAT. Your father will give me all the help I need.

ARIEL. This is something he cares nothing about.

NAT (*growing angry*). You know better than that.

ARIEL. Oh, what's the use? We always quarrel. Why start it again?

*Enter ABNER, C.*

NAT. Captain Freeman, would you mind saying to your daughter what you said to me last night?

ARIEL. Oh, never mind about it. Don't trouble yourself, father. I can imagine what you said, and I can be just exactly as happy if I don't hear it.

ABNER. Ariel, I don't want you to go to acting this way with Nat. You just make him mad, and I don't wonder. Sometimes you are enough to make St. Peter swear. Nat wants to marry you, not now, but when you graduate. I don't see any earthly reason why you shouldn't promise to. Nat's a fine fellow and doing well. You haven't anything against him?

ARIEL. Certainly not, but I don't care to promise myself to any one. Graduation is quite a long ways off yet.

ABNER. Ariel, I don't very often ask anything of you. I don't remember that I have ever asked any very special thing. Don't you think it's your duty to do this first thing that I ask?

ARIEL. Oh, dad, how can you make such a request in such a way? (*Bursts into tears and runs out, R.*)

ABNER. Well, Nat, this looks mighty foolish to me. If a girl won't, she won't.

NAT. Do you intend to let her do as she pleases?

ABNER. Let her? Good lord, do you expect me to force her into a marriage with you?

NAT. Don't you feel that you owe me some recompense?

ABNER. Well, great heaven, won't anything but Ariel satisfy you?

NAT. No.

ABNER (*angrily*). Well, I must say you —

NAT (*quietly*). Captain Freeman, what were you doing in the post-office last night?

ABNER (*starting*). In the post-office?

NAT (*pointedly*). Yes, long after it closed?

ABNER (*growing angry*). What do you mean?

NAT. Just what I say. I know you were there. There is no use in denying it.

ABNER (*beside himself*). Why, you—do you mean to insinuate —

NAT (*calmly*). Just explain your presence there. (*Slight pause. ABNER remains silent.*) You didn't find what you were looking for, did you? I was before you, Captain Freeman. Before I sailed this last time, I made a midnight visit to

the post-office myself, but I covered my tracks. I think something must have scared you off before you had a chance to pick things up.

ABNER. You dare to tell me that you entered the post-office?

NAT. Oh, yes, you won't say anything about it. If you did I should be obliged to show the papers I went after, and you wouldn't have any one see those papers for a farm.

ABNER (*desperately*). I don't know what you are driving at.

NAT. Oh, yes, you do. See here, Captain Freeman, all in this world I want is your influence with Ariel. This is a mean way to get it, I'll admit, but I want the girl and I don't care how I get her.

ABNER. And if I refuse to bother Ariel any more what is it you are threatening?

NAT. Why, I don't know as I have exactly threatened anything. Threatened isn't a nice word. Of course you know that you owe as much to Miss Tinker as you did to my father. I don't know exactly how you would come out if the thing was to go to court, but as long as Miss Cynthia is in need of money it looks to me like a question of honor on your part. I understand she is about to leave town to look for work.

ABNER (*snapping the words out*). She isn't going! (*Beside himself again*.) If you think you can frighten me you are mistaken! I absolutely deny that I was inside the post-office last night.

NAT. Oh, well, of course if you are going to take that stand I shall —

ABNER (*warningly*). Hush!

*Enter LEM. and OBAD., C.*

LEM. Oh, you are here, Cap'n Freeman?

OBAD. (*all out of breath*). We've hunted all over town for yer. Fer the love of John Paul Jones, stay put fer a while until we see if we can get at any facts to help us.

LEM. What's become o' Cap'n Cranberry, an' where's Miss Cynthia?

*Enter CYN. and BER., R. ARIEL enters, R.*

BER. We're here, Lem. What's the matter?

*Enter HEP., C., dragging after her SAM., who is not at all willing to be dragged.*

HEP. Lem, here's Sammy! I've chased all over town and I declare ter goodness I'm ——

LEM. Never mind where you've chased, as long as you got him.

HEP. And I had to drag him every step of the way. He wuz bound he would not come.

SAM. (*fearfully*). I ain't got nothin' ter tell, dad!

LEM. You will tell all right if I get after you.

SAM. You always said not to tell things, an' I ain't got nothin' to tell.

HEP. Ain't he the beatenest young one!

BER. (*picking SAM. up*). You keep him frightened to death all the time. He will tell all about who took the pipe from him when you get ready to hear it.

LEM. Miss Cynthia, you hev taken a boarder?

CYN. I have taken two.

HEP. Two? You don't ever in this world mean that you have taken in that crazy ——

LEM. Hepsy! Will you hush up? I don't mean that fellow that's just come to town this morning selling clothes sprinklers. I mean that fellow who was prowling around Bay Point last night in the fog.

CYN. (*indignantly*). Who says he was prowling?

LEM. I say so. Prowling around ——

BER. Oh, belay there, Lem! There weren't nothin' a stranger could do last night but prowl around. It was hard enough for us folks that lives here all the time.

LEM. Well, maybe so, Cap'n, but we hev got to inquire what he was doing. (*Importantly*.) In fact we got to inquire into everybody's business that was out last night. It ain't so much those durned pipes, though it certainly beats tunket who took them, but the post-office was broken into, you must remember, and Obed's safe was broke open.

OBAD. (*excited*). Gosh all fog horns, yes! And, Abner, I found your pipe on the floor right by the safe.

ABNER (*staggered*). What? I don't believe it!

OBAD. (*handing him a pipe*). Yes, sir! Yours all right! I know your pipe as well as I do my own.

*Enter LEE by stairs, unnoticed.*

ABNER (*breathing hard*). Do you—do you mean to say that you think that I ——

*(Glances at NAT and stops abruptly.)*

LEM. Why, o' course not! The idee, Cap'n Freeman! We know you ain't in no ways concerned, but don't you see? It goes to show that the fellow that stole the pipes broke into the post-office?

ABNER (*with a sigh of relief*). Oh!

LEM. And now I want to see this boarder of yours, Miss Cynthy.

LEE (*stepping forward*). Am I the one you wish to see?

LEM. I guess you be. I suppose you have heard tell all about what happened in town last night?

LEE (*bowing*). Yes.

LEM. Well, we want to find out everything we can 'bout sech a mystery, an' we feel obleeged to inquire about any strangers who came ter town last night.

LEE. I see. Well, my name is Lee Gordon. I came down the Cape from Boston in my auto. I am going to do some sketching.

LEM. So? Want tew know! Wal, can you inform me if you went near the post-office last night?

LEE. I may have. I don't know.

LEM. Do you know your glove when you see it? Them's your initials? L. G.?

(*Hands LEE a heavy driving glove.*)

LEE. Yes, this is my glove. Where did you find it?

OBAD. (*dramatically*). I found it on the post-office steps.

ALL. What?

LEE. I'm not surprised. I wouldn't be surprised to know that I visited the meeting-house. I couldn't tell where I was going.

BER. Of course you couldn't. This is all foolishness.

LEE. Of course if you want to believe I was mixed up in the robbery just because you found my glove on —

(*He is carrying his raincoat on his arm and as he speaks he impatiently flings it over onto the other arm and the pipe which SAM. put in the pocket drops to the floor.*)

HEP. My land! What's that?

OBAD. (*at the top of his voice*). It's a pipe!

(*LEM. picks it up and examines it. LEE looks at it in astonishment. SAM. looks frightened and begins to edge toward the door.*)

BER. Well, by tunket, hasn't the fellow a-right to own a pipe?

LEM. He has sartain, one o' his own, but I can't no wise see that he has any right to yourn, Cap'n Berry.

*(Hands it to BER., who is completely staggered.)*

ALL. What? Did you ever? It is! Cap'n Cranberry's!

SAM. *(thinking things are moving in a manner favorable to him, opens sugar bowl)*. And here's another in Miss Cynthy's sugar bowl!

ALL. What?

CYN. *(dropping into a chair)*. Mercy sakes!

HEP. Land, Cynthy's overcome!

*(Grabs clothes sprinkler from table and sprinkles CYN.)*

LEM. *(to LEE)*. Wal, now what hev you got to say, young man?

LEE. Absolutely nothing. I haven't words equal to this occasion.

LEM. What room did he sleep in last night, Miss Cynthy?

CYN. *(sufficiently recovered to be indignant)*. I shan't tell you. He never had nothing to do with this in the world, never!

LEE *(gratefully)*. That's mighty kind of you, Miss Tinker, but it is also foolish. *(To LEM.)* My room is up-stairs, the first on the right. *[Exit LEM. by stairs.]*

OBAD. Wal, I cal'late there ain't much more ter be said.

ARIEL *(stepping forward)*. Well, there is a whole lot more. Mr. Gordon is a friend of mine.

ALL. What? He is?

HEP. Do tell!

ABNER. Well, how long since?

ARIEL. Quite a long time since.

ABNER. Is that so? Queer I never heard of him before. Where did you meet him?

ARIEL. At a friend's in New Haven while Mr. Gordon was at Yale.

NAT. If you knew Mr. Gordon at Yale perhaps you know how he happened to leave college?

ARIEL. Yes, I know. He left under circumstances which didn't look favorable to him but none of his friends believed he was at all to blame, any more than I believe it now.

HEP. Well, do tell!



NAT. Mr. Gordon always seems to be found under circumstances which look anything but favorable to himself.

ABNER. How do you happen to know this fellow, Nat?

NAT. He is the son of Howland Gordon, the man I sail for. After he was expelled from Yale he went to work for his father. He is just leaving his father under circumstances which don't look favorable.

(LEM. comes down the stairs.)

OBAD. Find anything, Lem?

LEM. Yes, by Crismus, three more pipes! (*Shows them.*)

ALL. What? You don't say? Let's see!

CYN. (*overcome*). My land! My land!

HEP. (*applying clothes sprinkler*). There, Cynthia! There!

LEM. (*to LEE*). Well, young man, I guess I'll arrest you!

LEE (*with a shrug of his shoulders*). All right! Go ahead!

BER. (*wrathfully*). Yes, go ahead, and I'll bail him out!

LEE. I'll admit that you have plenty of evidence against me, but here comes a man who can at least explain my connection with those pipes. (*Points to the pipes in LEM.'s hand.*)

*Enter PETER, C.*

PETER (*stopping short and looking at the assembled company in astonishment*). By my faith, I didn't know it was old home week!

LEM. (*to PETER*). Young man, what do you know about this fellow?

PETER (*innocently, pointing to LEE*). What do I know? About him? Absolutely nothing! I never saw him before in my life!

(LEM. claps his hand on LEE's shoulder and walks him to the door. CYN. is overcome and HEP. again applies the clothes sprinkler.)

CURTAIN

### ACT III

SCENE.—*A room in ABNER'S old fish-house, supposed to be on the shore. There is one exit, L. An old-fashioned bureau, R. A doll's house. Some rag rugs on the floor. Some old chairs. An old lounge, L., front. A hammock. On a stage where it is possible there should be a large door in the center with a view of the water beyond. An impression of the room being up-stairs would add to the scene.*

*(As the curtain rises, SAM. stands by the exit listening.)*

ABNER (*outside*). Come up stairs, Nat! (*SAM. gives a frightened look around the room and crawls under the sofa. NAT and ABNER enter.*) This is a good place to talk things over. Hardly any one but Arey ever comes up here. (*If there is a door C., he throws it open.*) There's a fine view from here. On a clear day you can see way down to High Land. This used to be Arey's playhouse.

NAT (*looking about*). Well I know that. We boys used to come up here to tease the girls because the cake that went with the tea parties appealed to us. It was here I fell in love with Arey. It was here I first asked her to marry me.

ABNER. I'm sorry, Nat, that Arey doesn't care for you.

NAT. It's plain to see now why she doesn't care.

ABNER. Nonsense!

NAT. No nonsense about it. Look at the way she took the part of that darned little sand peep. Well, I'll make her see what he is before I get through.

ABNER. You are crazy jealous, Nat. Don't make a fool of yourself. Ariel is good-hearted and impulsive, and quick to take the part of any one who is in trouble.

NAT. She wouldn't help me if I was dying.

ABNER (*impatiently*). Well, perhaps she wouldn't! Might as well say one thing as another. It's a waste of time and energy to argue with a man who is madly in love and insanely jealous.

NAT. Are you going to let her take up with this little crook and throw me over?

ABNER. Crook is a strong word, Nat. The boy may have been expelled from college, and may be in wrong with his father, but he didn't break into the post-office last night. I think it is more than likely that he called there in his efforts to find a boarding place. I was scared off by some one's knocking on the door.

NAT (*with an exclamation of satisfaction*). Ah! Then you admit that you were the one who entered the post-office?

ABNER. Certainly. I don't know how I am going to pull out, but I can't let this fellow face a charge of which I am guilty. How did you know I was there?

NAT. After we had our little talk last night, I guessed you would go there and I followed you. I thought you might be interested in looking over Cap'n Obed's old papers.

ABNER. Yes, I was. Well, now we will face the situation. I have several times offered you money which you have refused to take.

NAT. I'm not interested in money. I'm doing well enough. You know what I want.

ABNER. Yes, I do know. You want me to actually force my daughter into marrying you.

NAT. Well, why not? You admit I am all right. There is no reason why she wouldn't be happy with me.

ABNER. And in case I refuse, just what are you going to do?

NAT. Well, of course I don't suppose you want all your old friends and neighbors to know how you cheated my father and old Joel Tinker, and of course now there is Miss Cynthia.

ABNER. Well, I can't see any way of giving her money without telling the whole thing.

NAT. The land this building stands on is hers, isn't it?

ABNER. I'm not saying just what belongs to her. (*Suddenly and determinedly.*) See here, Nat, if you can show me a way out of the hole I am in, I will see what I can do with Arey.

NAT. That sounds like sense. Get Ariel to give me her promise and I'll hand over the papers I stole from Obed's safe last winter, and you will never hear another word from me.

ABNER. Well, what about last night? I was a tarnation fool.

NAT. I'll take the responsibility of it. I'll say that I did it. I'll hatch up an excuse of some kind. I don't suppose you really made away with anything? (*Laughs.*)

ABNER. It isn't at all likely. Obed will find all his stuff after a while. I couldn't very well speak up and tell him where I put the money box.

NAT. Well, if he doesn't find it, you can tell me, and I will tell them where it is when I get around to a confession.

ABNER. Well, that will pull young Gordon out of the post-office business, but it doesn't make it out he didn't steal about six pipes. Mine is accounted for.

NAT. Oh, Gordon is up to something. That's the kind of a little snipe he is. His father has nothing but trouble with him. How soon will you see Arey?

ABNER. Right off. I don't see that we have provided any way to straighten things out with Miss Cynthy.

NAT (*easily*). Well, she has managed to pull along all these years. Why fret now? What she doesn't know isn't going to hurt her.

LEM. (*outside*). Cap'n Abner, are you up there?

ABNER (*going to door*). Yes.

OBAD. Well, for the love o' Admiral Dewey, listen to this! (*Enters, followed by LEM.*)

LEM. Say, Obed has discovered that there weren't nothin' took from the post-office last night.

OBAD. Gosh all fog horns, no! I found the money box! Not a cent gone! Everything upset from one end the place to the other, and nothing took! That young Gordon chap must be a lunatic. Cranberry has gone his bail, but I reckon he ought ter be in an asylum instead o' traveling around loose.

LEM. Wal, it's the durndest piece o' business I ever heard tell on, and everybody don't believe he took all those pipes even if there is so much evidence against him. Some says it was a big fellow and some says it was a little one.

OBAD. I stick to it the man that stole my pipe wuz a little bit of a feller. He up behind me and put his hand in my pocket (*illustrating as he talks*) an' scat before you could so much as wink.

LEM. Yes, an' Jim Hincks says he wuz a big feller.

ABNER. And Sammy said so once, and then he shied off and wouldn't say much of anything.

OBAD. No wonder. The way Lem talks at the kid is enough to frighten a whale.

LEM. An' Cranberry didn' know when his pipe was took and wouldn't say nothin' if he did. He's took an awful shine to Miss Cynthy's boarder.

OBAD. Say, suppose we find the feller and tell him we found out he didn't take nothin' from the post-office an' see what he says.

ALL. That's right. Good idee !

LEM. Maybe he'll own up 'bout the pipes if he finds out the charge agin him ain't so serious.

OBAD. Maybe so, but it's my opinion the feller is plumb crazy.

*(They all start to exeunt. ARIEL comes to door followed by HEP.)*

ARIEL. Father, are you here? *(Stops abruptly.)* Oh, a meeting of the vigilance committee? Is Sammy up here?

ABNER. No.

ARIEL. Hepsy can't find him, and sometimes he comes up here when I am home, you know, so I thought perhaps he was here.

HEP. My land ! I've been all over town. I'm beat out. He didn't go to school and I ain't seen him since he was over to Cynth's this morning.

OBAD. By tunket, I don't blame the kid. He will run away some o' these days an' never come back, an' it'll serve Lem durned right.

LEM. *(angrily)*. What in thunderation would I do? Let him grow up to be a teetotal liar?

OBAD. Gosh all fog horns, yes, if he wants ter be ! Half the world gets their living that way !

*(All exeunt but ARIEL. ABNER comes back.)*

ABNER. You are going to stay up here, Arey?

ARIEL. I think so, dad, a little while. I haven't been up here since last summer.

ABNER *(uneasily)*. You—you were always happy up here, little girl?

ARIEL. Yes, dad, and happiest when I knew you were down-stairs.

ABNER. And I was happy when I knew you were up here. Arey, I have tried to be a good father to you and give you a happy home.

ARIEL *(going to him and putting her arms around him)*. You have, dad ! You have ! No girl could ask for a kinder father or a happier home.

ABNER. And I want to know you are going to have a happy home when I'm gone. Arey, Nat's really in love with you.

ARIEL (*turning away from him*). Oh, father!

ABNER. If you knew it meant a good deal to me, would you tell him yes? To please me? To help me? He could give you a good home. Could make you happy.

ARIEL (*slowly turning to him*). Do you mean—there is a— a reason why you want me to marry Nat? That I really could help you by marrying him?

ABNER. Yes, that's what I mean.

ARIEL. I can't understand how such a thing can be, but if that is the case I will do it for you, if you will tell him I don't care for him and explain the reason I am marrying him. Will you do that?

ABNER. Yes.

ARIEL (*turning away*). Very well.

ABNER (*stepping toward her*). Arey!

ARIEL (*with an effort*). Dad, will you go away please and leave me alone?

ABNER (*hesitating a second*). Very well.

(*Exits with bowed head. ARIEL gives a long sigh, goes to c. door and stands looking out for a second, then goes to doll house, opens door and takes out a large doll. She goes to bureau, unlocks a drawer, takes out a small box. Suddenly leans forward on the bureau, her head on the doll.*)

ARIEL. Oh, Alicia, has it come to this? (SAM. *crawls cautiously out from under sofa. He steals toward the hammock and throws a pipe into it, then starts for door. ARIEL suddenly turns.*) Who is it? Who is there?

(*She starts forward. SAM. hastily crawls under sofa again.*)

ARIEL *walks forward with the little box in her hand.*)

BER. (*outside*). Ship ahoy! Anybody on deck?

ARIEL (*going to door*). Father isn't here, Captain Berry. I'm up here alone.

BER. That so? Can I come up?

ARIEL. Why, certainly, if you like. (BER. *enters.*) This is my playhouse up here. I have spent the happiest days of my life up here in this old room. I think I have spent the only happy ones I will ever know.

BER. Nonsense! That's a pretty way for a young girl like you to be talking, jest when you got all your life before you.

ARIEL. I wish I didn't have. I wish this was the last day of my life.

BER. (*aghast*). Miss Freeman, you don't know what you are saying. Something must have happened to pretty much upset you. You don't look like a coward. I can't somehow believe you are one.

ARIEL (*surprised*). A coward?

BER. It's only a coward, a pretty contemptible one at that, who would rather die than face what's coming to him.

ARIEL (*suddenly standing straight and throwing her head up*). You are right. I didn't think of that. Thank you, Captain Berry. That was just what I needed to hear. You— you spend a good deal of time over here in town, don't you?

BER. (*smiling*). Is that a reflection on my duties as keeper of Bay Point Light?

ARIEL (*hastily*). Oh, no, no, no! I didn't mean that. I was just thinking that you must like our town. I know you have an assistant, and any one doesn't have to meet you but once to realize that your duty would stand before anything else in the world.

BER. (*pleased and touched*). Why, Miss Freeman, I thank you for that from the bottom of my heart. You can't understand how much I appreciate that coming from you.

ARIEL. Why from me, especially? Oh!

(*Drops the little box and a little ring.*)

BER. (*picking them up and looking at the ring fascinated*). What is this?

ARIEL (*slowly*). That—that is a link, Captain Berry. The only connecting link between Ariel Freeman and the girl she really is.

BER. (*breathing hard*). What do you mean?

ARIEL. I suppose you know I'm not Captain Freeman's daughter? Everybody knows.

BER. Yes, I've heard.

ARIEL. That little ring is the only thing which could throw any light on who I really am. That was on my finger, and that was absolutely all there was to help.

BER. How did this help?

ARIEL. There is a name engraved inside the ring.



BER. (*slowly*). And the name is Alicia.

ARIEL. Why, who told you that?

BER. (*realizing what he has said*). Why—why—it's right here! (*Hastily examines the ring*). You can see it for yourself!

ARIEL. You have wonderful eyes. I have always known what the name is, and I have hard work to trace it. You see what a curious little old-fashioned ring it is; it has a German mark in it. Captain Freeman traced this to a German jeweler who in 1878 engraved the name Alicia in a baby ring for a Mrs. Emerson. The address was a hotel in Berlin. Father moved heaven and earth to trace it still further, but that was all he ever found out. He decided that my mother must have been Alicia Emerson, but whom she married, who my father is, will probably always remain unknown. Somewhere in the world I may have a mother—a father.

BER. You have been happy here?

ARIEL. Oh, yes, indeed. I couldn't have had a kinder father than Captain Freeman. Gracious, Captain Berry, I can't imagine why I have told you all these things! I never speak of them to any one but Miss Cynthy. Somehow you seem to be the kind of man one tells their innermost secrets to. It was so kind of you to help Lee Gordon this morning.

BER. Nonsense! Nothing kind about it. Justice, that's all. He ain't any more guilty than I am.

ARIEL. You really think so?

BER. Certain! One look at his face will tell you that.

ARIEL. But the evidence against him? Such a lot of it!

BER. By tunket, the circumstantial kind or I'll eat my hat.

ARIEL. Why, Captain Berry (*suddenly grabbing pipe from hammock*), look! Here's a pipe in my hammock! What in the world —

BER. (*taking pipe*). Jumping jingoes! Seth Mason's! Got his name on it!

ARIEL. I thought some one was up here just before you came up. It seemed to me that some one who was small was moving around. I was over by the bureau and I can't see across the room, you know. I was startled for a second and by the time I got my senses together to cross the room they were gone.

BER. Um! So? (*Looks about. Crosses room away from* ARIEL. *He suddenly stoops and looks under sofa.*) This is a queer mix up, ain't it? (*Bell rings.*) What's that?

ARIEL. That's the house bell. Dad had it connected so we could hear it when we were over here and Hannah was out. I think she is out now. I will just run over to the house if you will excuse me.

BER. Certain! (*ARIEL exits. BER. goes to sofa.*) Come out! Come out here, I say! It's no use, Sammy! I have caught you square! You might as well come out! All right then! I'll bring you out myself. (*Reaches under sofa and pulls SAM. out by one foot. SAM. yells and kicks.*) Belay there! That ain't no way to act with your old uncle. I ain't going to hurt you. (*Sits down on sofa and holds SAM. in his arms.*) Now hush up, and tell Uncle Cran the whole business.

SAM. (*struggling to get away*). No! I ain't got nothin' to tell!

BER. Oh, yes, you have, Sammy! Sit still! You tell Uncle Cran what you stole all those pipes for. I was the only one in the room that was watching you this morning, and I guessed somewheres near the truth. You were frightened when that pipe fell out of Mr. Gordon's pocket, and then when you found that no one was going to suspect you, you opened up the sugar-bowl and took the other one out, and now you just brought this one up here and put it in Arey's hammock.

SAM. (*thoroughly frightened*). Pa will kill me!

BER. No, he won't. Now listen, Sammy, this whole thing has got to come out some way. Your father will get it out of you, and you know how he will get it. Now, you tell me the truth and I'll promise you that I will make things right with your father. I won't let him touch you. You can trust me, can't you?

SAM. (*holding him around the neck*). Yes, Uncle Cran.

BER. Well, then, when did you get a chance to go up into Mr. Gordon's room and leave those three pipes there?

SAM. I didn't take those.

BER. (*reproachfully*). Now, Sammy, I said if you told me the truth.

SAM. That's the truth, Uncle Cran! I took this pipe, and the one in the sugar-bowl and the one in Mr. Gordon's pocket, but I didn't take the others.

BER. By Crismus, you look as if you were telling a straight story. Why in the name o' all that's sensible did you steal any of the pipes?

SAM. Well, a man took dad's away from me, an' maw didn't believe it and I knew there wouldn't any one believe it,

and pa whales the stuffins out of me for telling things and—and—I thought if some more people lost their pipes he'd believe me. So I stole three and—and—pa had to believe me.

BER. (*striking his knee*). Well, by tunket, if that ain't one on Lem! (*Suddenly looks serious and speaks half to himself*). But belay there, Cranberry! You ain't got but half the story yet! There's those other pipes! Well, Sammy, I'll pull you out of this some way, although I don't know as it's the right thing for me to do.

SAM. (*stretching*). Oh, I'm awful tired! I been layin' under this sofa awful long. More'n an hour, more'n three hours, I guess. Nat Williams was up here an' Cap'n Abner. Say, Uncle Cran, it was Cap'n Abner that broke into the post-office last night.

BER. (*at the top of his voice*). What?

SAM. He was hunting for a paper. And—and—Cap'n Abner cheated Miss Cynthia. Nat said the land this house stands on belongs to her, and—and—Cap'n Abner cheated Nat's father, too,—and—and—Cap'n Abner is going to make Miss Arey marry Nat—and—and—she cried over there (*pointing to bureau*) on top of her doll—and—and—I guess I don't remember any more.

BER. Well, that's quite sufficient if it's truth you are telling.

SAM. Of course it is! I wouldn't tell you any stories, Uncle Cran.

BER. (*a trifle dazed*). All right. Now listen, Sammy, you forget this stuff you have been telling me jest as soon as ever you can. Don't you breathe a word of it to a living soul. If I ever hear that you have, I'll forget to make peace with your father, and there won't be any more trips with me over to the Point to visit the light.

SAM. Oh, I'll never tell, Uncle Cran! Honest! Hope to die!

BER. All right. Now you go and find Cap'n Abner and tell him that I am up here and want to see him. Then you go home as hard as you can pelt. Your mother is looking for you.

SAM. (*exits*). All right, Uncle Cran.

(*Slight pause*. BER. *sits on the sofa looking down at the floor*.)

BER. Great jumping jingoes!

*Enter LEE and PETER.*

LEE. Captain Berry, I was just talking with Miss Freeman and she said you were up here. I can't tell you how much I appreciate your kindness to me. I don't see how you ever happened to stand by a stranger the way you did.

BER. I guess it was because you are Miss Cynthy's boarder.

LEE. Captain Berry, this is Mr. Pomeroy and (*laughing*) he is the best friend I have got on this earth.

BER. (*shaking hands with PETER*). Well, he certain didn't act the part this morning.

PETER. Entirely his own fault, I assure you.

LEE. Say, Captain, may we talk with you for a little while?

BER. Certain! Glad to have you. Sit down.

LEE. You have proved such a good friend that we are tempted to make a clean breast of things and tell you our part in this affair.

BER. Heave ahead! If you can throw a search-light on the mystery it will be a good thing.

LEE. It is true that I have been expelled from college and that I'm in trouble with my father.

PETER (*heartily*). He isn't to blame in either case, Captain Berry.

LEE (*to PETER*). Thanks, old man. (*Turns to BER.*) When I was at Yale I was connected with a college magazine and I have several times been told that I had a great future ahead of me as a newspaper man or magazine editor. My friend Pomeroy here had to leave college last year because an invalid uncle who had brought him up was dying. The uncle left Pete all his money and when I got into a mess with dad, Pete suggested that he buy a magazine he had heard about that was on its last legs and see if we could give it a brace. I jumped at the chance. It was what I would most like on earth. Pete bought it and we have started to publish and edit a startling fiction magazine called *The Red Cap*. For a starter we have announced a serial detective story—"The Mystery of the Seven Pipes."

BER. Well, by tunket!

PETER. It's going to be the greatest thing on record. We write all but the last chapter and offer a prize for the best solution of the mystery. Gee! Folks run after the first issue as if it was soothing syrup and they had a kid with the colic. I had been down on the Cape, so I suggested that we lay the scene down here somewhere.

LEE. And to give local color I suggested that we come

down and carry out some of the story ourselves. - Last night when we arrived there was a thick fog and it seemed a good chance to make a start. We drew lots and it fell to Pete to steal the pipes.

PETER. We planned on stealing seven but I only got as far as three.

LEE (*laughing*). For the love of Pete, have you any idea who took the other four?

BER. Yes, by tunket, I have! This beats the Dutch and no mistake! You go find Obed and Lem and tell them what you have told me. Then you bring them back here and we will clear up the mystery.

LEE (*jumping up*). Done, by jingo!

PETER. Lead us to it!

[*They exeunt.*]

(*Slight pause. ABNER enters.*)

ABNER. Did you send Sammy after me?

BER. Yes, I did. I've got something to say to you and I thought this would be a good place up here. Cap'n Freeman, I'm Ariel's father.

ABNER (*staggered*). What? What do you mean? (*Suddenly growing furious.*) What kind of a trick is this? Do you expect me to take your word for it? What's your game?

BER. (*calmly*). I married Alicia Emerson twenty years ago this month. Two years later she and our year old daughter made a trip with me. We ran into a storm and were wrecked. My wife's body was recovered. The child's was not. I supposed her dead, of course. She wore a ring, a ring that had been her mother's. It had her name, Alicia, engraved in it, also the mark of a German jeweler and —

ABNER (*hoarsely*). Enough! How long have you known this?

BER. I guessed it last night when I saw Alicia's face in your daughter. I made sure of the truth this afternoon.

ABNER. Well, what are you going to do? She is under age. The law would give her to you, I suppose. Are you going to take her away from me after all these years?

BER. You love her?

ABNER. How can you ask such a question? She is all I have! Ask any one in Bay Point. Ask the girl herself!

BER. (*quietly*). And yet loving her you ask her to marry a man she doesn't love. Kind of curious, ain't it?

ABNER (*furiously*). Now see here, Cranberry, that's my business.

BER. (*decidedly*). It's mine, also. She is my daughter. If you will not give the girl happiness, I will take her from you and give it to her myself.

ABNER (*desperately*). You mean that—that —

BER. Just this! Drop this Nat Williams business and never take it up again, and give Miss Cynthia Tinker what you owe her.

ABNER. What do you know about Cynthia Tinker?

BER. What does it matter? I know you have been cheating her for years. Do you want me to go into details?

ABNER (*hastily*). No. Supposing I refuse?

BER. Well, it will be my gain. I shall be able to find a little happiness with my daughter. I only had her a year. I only had her mother two years. Then they were both taken from me at the same time. I've had a lonely life, always at sea or keeping a light on some dismal point. Often when the gales have come and the storms have lashed around the old house and there's been nobody but jest old Cranberry and his pipe, I have looked around my lonely settin' room and wondered how it would seem to have Alicia on the other side of the fire and a little girl on the floor near by.

ABNER. My heaven, Berry, I hadn't thought of your part of this!

BER. \*No, we usually get our own point of view. Mighty seldom we get the other fellow's.

ABNER. And if—I agree you are willing to swear you will not take the girl?

BER. On my word of honor. You do love the girl after all.

ABNER. But great heaven, man, I can't square things with Cynthia Tinker without having people know the facts. Nat will tell.

BER. Why don't you do the telling yourself? If you have been cheating perfectly innocent people I think you will find that confession is a good thing for a guilty conscience. Anyway you have two paths to choose from, and you know what is at the end of each.

(LEE and PETER *rush in*, ARIEL *follows*. OBAD. and NAT. and LEM., CYN. *last with a letter in her hand*.)

LEE. Well, Captain, we have told them! And it didn't kill them either!



PETER. Yes, they rejoice in all the horrible details.

OBAD. Gosh all fog horns I should say we did! Did any one ever hear the like? A story! "Mystery of the Seven Pipes!"

LEM. I always said writers wuz half cracked. I never was so sure of it as I am this minit! But the mystery ain't all cleared by a long sight. Mr. Pomeroy only took three pipes. Who took the other four?

BER. I suppose, Lem, as constable of Bay Point, you would like to have the mystery cleared up?

LEM. I sartain would, and then I could go back to work at something sensible.

BER. Well, I'll tell you what you want to know if you'll jest do me a little favor.

LEM. (*puzzled*). Why, sartain, Cap'n, always glad to do anythin' fer you.

BER. Well, Sammy took three pipes.

ALL. Sammy?

LEM. My Sammy?

OBAD. Gosh all fog horns!

BER. Mr. Pomeroy stole yours from Sammy. You wouldn't believe the boy, he was afraid of you and he took some pipes on his own hook to make his story sound true.

OBAD. Rev. Mr. Peters said he was smart and by Crismus, he is! He's too smart fer you, Lem!

LEM. Wal, he'll find out how smart I am when I get home.

BER. Lem, you promised me a little favor, you know?

LEM. Sure!

BER. You are not to touch Sammy.

LEM. (*astonished*). I'm not to — (*Suddenly stops and grins.*) Well, all right. You've got me, Cap'n. You always did spoil that kid. Wal, there's still another pipe.

ABNER. Yes, mine. I dropped it when I broke into the post-office last night.

ALL. What? You? Abner!

OBAD. Fer the love o' Admiral Sampson what fer?

ABNER (*steadily*). I wanted to find some old papers in a business deal between your father and me. I suppose you remember that your father sold me this whole shore property here?

OBAD. Yes, sartain.

ABNER. Well, I found out right after I bought it that half the land didn't belong to him to sell. There was a mistake in



his title and some of the land belonged to Nat's father and some of it belonged to Miss Cynthy's father.

CYN. Land o' goshen !

ABNER. They didn't seem to know. They must have thought old Mr. Daniels knew what was his property. I didn't say anything. You know why I wanted the property and the money I have made here. I knew if they realized this land was theirs they wouldn't have sold. They would have used it themselves. I knew I had a good thing and I kept it. I made a pile and I kept them from their chance of making money when shore property was worth its weight in gold. That day has long gone by, but I'm ready to pay Miss Cynthy whatever seems right. I'll leave it to Cap'n Cranberry to figure it out. I have offered money to Nat and he has refused to take it. He wants my daughter instead. Well, he had better take my money, for he can't have my daughter unless she wants him.

ARIEL (*joyfully*). Father !

NAT (*furiously*). Thunderation !

[*Exit.*]

ALL. Good work ! That's the talk, Cap'n Abner !

ABNER (*slowly*). I have deceived and cheated all these years. Of course I realize that I've got to lose my friends, that I will be the talk of the town.

BER. I don't see why. It's taken a pile of courage to come out and say you were wrong and make it right. If your neighbors are good friends they will stand by you. They won't go back on you.

OBAD. That's right, Abner. Of course we won't.

LEM. And there ain't a mite of reason why any one should know anything about this. I for one shan't mention it to Hepsy, and (*grimly*) I guess if she don't know it you're safe.

CYN. (*earnestly*). And I ain't got the least bit of feeling against you, Cap'n Abner.

ABNER. Thank you, Cynthy. Thank you all. I don't deserve such treatment from you.

LEE. Say, Miss Tinker, just because you are suddenly coming into money I hope you won't be so set up that you'll bounce your boarders.

CYN. Well, I guess it won't be such an awful lot o' money that I need to be set up too high. I said you could stay as long as you wanted to and I meant it. You can.

LEE. Good news !

PETER. Rah, rah, rah ! Thank heaven we don't lose those muffins !

CYN. (*suddenly*). And I declare to goodness, Mr. Gordon, here's a special delivery letter that come for you. (*Gives it to him. He tears it open.*) I thought it must be important and I come out to look for you and so much has happened that it went clean out of my head.

LEE. Well, say, this is certainly the day for unusual things to happen. Look at this, Pete! (*Hands the letter to PETER.*)

PETER (*glancing it over*). What now? Well, glory be! Listen, you who heard Mr. Williams denounce Lee this morning. The fellow who was guilty in the Yale mix up has been found out and they want Lee to go back to college. His father has also found out his mistake and he wants Lee to go back to work for him.

ARIEL (*going to LEE*). Oh, Lee, I'm so glad!

LEE. Well, they are just too late. Lee is going to stay right here on his present job until he makes good.

LEM. Wal, I guess we got everything cleared up; we might as well be moving along.

OBAD. Gosh all fog horns, yes! I been so excited I ain't had hardly a bite to eat to-day. I'm faintin' dead away if any one should ask you.

(*BER. walks to door, c., and stands looking out. CYN., LEE, PETER, OBAD. and LEM. exeunt. ABNER starts to follow, then looks back at BER. uncertainly. ARIEL goes to ABNER and throws her arms around him. BER. watches them from the door.*)

ARIEL. Oh, dad, I can't tell you how happy I am.

ABNER. I'm glad to hear you say it, Arey. I come mighty near asking you to sacrifice your happiness.

ARIEL (*joyfully*). But you didn't quite do it after all.

ABNER. Not quite.

ARIEL. Father dear, don't think anything you said can make a bit of difference. I only love you more than ever before.

ABNER. Lord, Arey, what can I say to a thing like that?

BER. (*coming forward*). Say you are a fortunate man to have such a daughter.

ABNER. Yes, that's what I ought to say. It's true. I'm afraid I don't realize how true. (*Pats ARIEL on the shoulder.*) Run along, little girl, and be happy. (*ARIEL exits.*) Captain Cranberry, I —

BER. If you please, Abner, I don't believe I can talk any

more just now. If you'd just leave me up here alone for a while. It's all right that you should have her. It's you that's been the real father to her. You have had the privilege that I have missed. You—you see she's Alicia's little girl and I've jest got to get over it, that's all.

ABNER (*grasping his hand*). All right. I won't talk. Some day—later, I'll try to tell you all that I feel. [*Exit.*]

(BER. *stands in the center of the room with bowed head.*)

BER. Alicia's little girl! (*Slight pause.*)

CYN. (*outside*). Arey! Arey! (*Enters.*) Land, Cap'n, I thought Arey was here. Are you here all alone?

BER. (*slowly*). Yes, alone, Cynthy. The way I've lived the most of my life. The way I'll always have to live it.

CYN. My land, Cap'n, you must be dreadful down and out to talk that way.

BER. I ain't a mite o' good to any one on the face of the earth.

CYN. You? You ain't? Well, I'd like to see the man, woman or boy in Bay Point that you ain't some good to. Cap'n Berry, I didn't suppose you ever got to feeling like this. I think you must have lost sight of the Beacon.

BER. (*suddenly looking up*). By tunket, Miss Cynthy, you're right! That's jest what I've done! I reckon I'm kind of tuckered out. I was jest naturally making a fool of myself, thinking there weren't nobody on earth that loves me, and by Crismus, why should there be? I ain't got relations same's other men and I ain't got no right to expect the same kind of happiness as other men. Well, I'll set sail for the Point and go on duty. That's the thing for me to do. I've been spending too much time over here and I need to go to work.

CYN. Cap'n Berry, I should think you would be ashamed to talk so. Nobody loves you! Why, everybody in Bay Point loves you, and you know it.

BER. (*suddenly and bluntly*). Do you, Miss Cynthy?

CYN. (*very much confused and upset*). Why, my gracious, Cap'n! What a way to put it! How you talk!

BER. (*looking at her curiously*). I'm a regular old fool, Cynthy. I've had this on my mind for a long time and now, by tunket, I'm going to get it off and then I'll stop mooning around like a sixteen-year-old kid! The first day I met you I loved you and I have been loving you a little more every time I have seen you since. I wouldn't want you to marry unless

it meant the same to you as it does to me, and I can't believe that's possible. I reckon I know what you're thinking. I reckon I know what your answer will be, but I might as well have it from you straight. (*Goes to her, and puts his hands on her shoulders.*) Cynthy, do you think it would be possible for you to find happiness with a frost-bitten old Cranberry?

CYN. (*looking up at him*). I think it would, Cran, if you were the Berry.

CURTAIN



# MUCH ADO ABOUT BETTY

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Ten male, twelve female characters, or seven males and seven females by doubling. Costumes, modern; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays a full evening. Betty, a moving picture star, going south on a vacation, loses her memory from the shock of a railway accident, and is identified as a rival, Violet Ostrich, from a hand-bag that she carries. In this character she encounters the real Violet, who has just eloped with Ned O'Hare, and mixes things up sadly both for herself and the young couple. An exceptionally bright, clever and effective play that can be highly recommended. Good Negro, Irish and eccentric comedy parts.

Price, 35 cents

## CHARACTERS

LIN LEONARD, <i>Betty's one best bet.</i>	ETHEL KOHLER, <i>a high-school admirer of Betty.</i>
MAJOR JARTREE, <i>of Wichita, not only bent, but crooked.</i>	VIOLET OSTRICH, <i>a film favorite, Ned's bride.</i>
NED O'HARE, <i>a jolly young honeymooner.</i>	MRS. K. M. DIGGINS, <i>a guest at the Hotel Poinsettia.</i>
MR. E. Z. OSTRICH, <i>who has written a wonderful picture-play.</i>	DAFFODIL DIGGINS, <i>her daughter, "Yes, Mamma!"</i>
DR. MCNUTT, <i>solid ivory from the neck up.</i>	MISS CHIZZLE, <i>one of the North Georgia Chizzles.</i>
JIM WILES, <i>a high-school senior.</i>	PEARLIE BROWN, <i>Violet's maid, a widow of ebony hue.</i>
ARCHIE, <i>a black bell-boy at the Hotel Poinsettia.</i>	VIOLET, <i>Violet Ostrich's little girl aged seven.</i>
OFFICER RILEY, <i>who always does his duty.</i>	DIAMOND, <i>Pearlie's little girl aged six and</i>
OFFICER DUGAN, <i>from the Emerald Isle.</i>	BETTY, <i>the star of the Movagraph Co.</i>
MR. EBENEZER O'HARE, <i>a sick man and a submerged tenth.</i>	
MRS. EBENEZER O'HARE, <i>"Birdie," the other nine-tenths.</i>	
AUNT WINNIE, <i>Betty's chaperone.</i>	
LIZZIE MONAHAN, <i>Betty's maid, with a vivid imagination.</i>	

Jartree may double Dugan; Ned may double Riley; Jim may double Archie; Mrs. O'Hare may double Ethel; Aunt Winnie may double Pearlle and Lizzie may double Miss Chizzle, thus reducing the cast to seven males and seven females. The two children have no lines to speak.

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Betty's apartments near New York. Married in haste.  
ACT II. Parlor D of the Hotel Poinsettia, Palm Beech, Fla. Three days later. Betty loses her memory.  
ACT III. Same scene as Act II. A full honeymoon.

## JUST A LITTLE MISTAKE

A Comedy in One Act

By Elizabeth Gale

One male, five female characters, or can be played by all girls. Costumes, modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays forty minutes. Mrs. Ball receives a cablegram from her sister Lucy stating that Jerry will arrive that day and begging her to be cordial. Mrs. Ball then goes out to hire a cook, leaving three young friends to receive the unknown guest. The cook, sent down from the agency in haste, is greeted and entertained as Jerry and when the real Jerry (Miss Geraldine Take) arrives she is sent out to the kitchen. After considerable confusion and excitement she is discovered to be the "Little Miss Take." Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

# THE SUBMARINE SHELL

A War Play in Four Acts

*By Mansfield Scott*

Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. Royalty for amateur performance \$10.00 for one, \$15.00 for two performances. Inspector Malcome Steele, of the U. S. Secret Service, devotes himself in this thrilling play to unravelling the German plots that surround Prof. Middlebrook's submarine shell that is to bring the downfall of the Hun. The battle between his wits and those of "Tom Cloff," the German secret agent, is of absorbing interest. An easy and effective thriller that can be recommended for school performance.

*Price, 35 cents*

## CHARACTERS

HANS KRAFT, <i>alias James McGrady.</i>	DETECTIVE ALBERT BRADBURY.
OTTO HERMAN, <i>alias William.</i>	INSPECTOR MALCOME STEELE.
MR. WARREN MIDDLEBROOK.	"TOM CLOFF."
MONSIEUR CHARLES LECLAIR.	MRS. MIDDLEBROOK.
PROFESSOR HENRY WESTERBERG.	ELEANOR MIDDLEBROOK.
	MARGARET LINDEN.
	DELIA.

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The living-room. August 11, after dinner.

ACT II. Same as Act I. August 12, 1 : 30 P. M.

ACT III. The private laboratory. That evening, 7 : 30.

ACT IV. Same as Act III. Later, 10 P. M.

# THE AMERICAN IDEA

A Sketch in One Act

*By Lily Carthew*

Three males, two females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. Royalty for amateur performance \$5.00. Mignon Goldman, following the American Idea, throws off the parental yoke and marries the man of her choice and not the choice of her parents. She brings home for the parental blessing John Kelly. Abe, her father, is disconsolate at this prospect until he sees John and recognizes in him Yan Kele Operchinsky, rechristened in accordance with "The American Idea." Originally produced at The Peabody Playhouse, Boston. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents.*

# THE CROWNING OF COLUMBIA

A Patriotic Fantasy in One Act

*By Kathrine F. Carlyon*

Twenty-five boys and twenty-four girls. Costumes, modern and picturesque. Nothing required in the way of scenery but a platform. Plays half an hour or less. Columbia is approached by the Foresters, the Farmers, the Miners, the Pleasure Seekers, the Ammunition Workers and even the Red Cross Workers, all asking her to be their Queen, but it is only when the Soldiers and the Red Cross Nurses come, asking nothing and giving all, that she yields. Easy, pretty, timely, and strongly recommended. Introduces music.

*Price, 25 cents*



## THE AIR-SPY

### A War Play in Three Acts

*By Mansfield Scott*

Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, a single interior. Plays an hour and a half. Royalty, \$10.00 for first, \$5.00 for subsequent performances by same cast ; free for school performance. Inspector Steele, of the Secret Service, sets his wits against those of German emissaries in their plot against Dr. Treadwell's air ship, a valuable war invention, and baffles them after an exciting pursuit. An easy thriller, full of patriotic interest. Easy to get up and very effective. Strongly recommended for school performance. Originally produced by The Newton (Mass.) High School.

*Price, 35 cents*

#### CHARACTERS

DR. HENRY TREADWELL, *inventor of the Giant Air-ship.*  
VICTOR LAWRENCE, *his pretended friend—a German spy.*  
HAROLD FELTON, *of the United States Army.*  
CARLETON EVERTON, *a young Englishman.*  
KARL SCHONEMAN, *of the German Secret Service.*  
FRANZ MULLER, *his assistant.*  
ARTHUR MERRILL, *also of the United States Army.*  
INSPECTOR MALCOM STEELE, *of the United States Secret Service.*  
HENRY GOOTNER, *a German agent.*  
FRANCIS DRURY, *one of Treadwell's guests.*  
CORPORAL THAYER.  
PRIVATE FREEMAN.  
RUTH TREADWELL, *Treadwell's daughter.*  
MURIEL LAWRENCE, *Lawrence's daughter.*  
MRS. TREADWELL.  
MARGARET LINDEN, *a friend of Ruth's.*

THE TIME.—America's second summer in the war.

THE PLACE.—A deserted mansion on a small island near Eastport, Maine.

#### SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The afternoon of June 10th.

ACT II. The evening of September 21st.

ACT III. *Scene 1.* The afternoon of the next day. About 1:30.  
*Scene 2.* An hour later.

## ART CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

A Play in One Act

*By Mary Moncure Parker*

Twelve females. Costumes of 1890 with one exception ; scene, a single easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. Describes the trials of an ambitious woman who desired to form a club in the early days of club life for women about thirty years ago, before the days of telephones and automobiles. A capital play for ladies' clubs or for older women in general. The costumes are quaint and the picture of life in the year of the Chicago World's Fair offers an amusing contrast to the present. Recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

# HAMILTON

A Play in Four Acts

*By Mary P. Hamlin and George Arliss*

Eleven males, five females. Costumes of the period; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening. Royalty for amateur performance where an admission is charged, \$25.00 for each performance. Special royalty of \$10.00 for performance by schools. This play, well known through the performances of Mr. George Arliss still continuing in the principal theatres, presents the builders of the foundations of the American Republic as real people, and its story adroitly illustrates not merely the various ability of its leading figure, Alexander Hamilton, but the unconquerable courage and determination that were his dominating characteristics. The vividness with which it vitalizes the history of its period and the power with which it emphasizes Hamilton's most admirable and desirable quality, make it most suitable for school use, for which special terms have been arranged, as above. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 60 cents*

## CHARACTERS

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

GENERAL SCHUYLER.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

MONROE.

GILES.

TALLYRAND.

JAY.

ZEKIEL.

REYNOLDS.

COLONEL LEAR.

FIRST MAN.

BETSY HAMILTON.

ANGELICA CHURCH.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

SOLDIER'S WIFE.

MELISSA.

## THE SCENES

ACT I.—The Exchange Coffee House in Philadelphia.

ACT II.—A room in Alexander Hamilton's house in Philadelphia. (The office of the Secretary of the Treasury.)

ACT III.—The same. (Six weeks later.)

ACT IV.—A reception room in Alexander Hamilton's house. (The next morning.)

## THE MINUTE MAN

A Patriotic Sketch for Girls of the High School Age in a  
Prologue and Three Episodes

*By Nellie S. Messer*

Thirteen girls. Costumes, modern, Colonial and of the Civil War period. Scenery, three interiors. Plays an hour and a half. Betty and Eleanor, typically thoughtless girls of the present day, run across the diaries of Bess's mother and grandmother, which relate the experiences of girls of their age and kind at previous periods of their country's history, and learn a vivid lesson in patriotism. The scenes of the past are shown in dramatic episodes visualizing the matter of the diaries that they read. A very clever arrangement of a very stimulating subject, strongly recommended for all occasions where the promotion of patriotism is desired. A timely lesson strongly enforced.

*Price, 25 cents*

# H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 60 Cents Each

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**MID-CHANNEL** Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females.  
Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors.  
Plays two and a half hours.

**THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH** Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors.  
Plays a full evening.

**THE PROFLIGATE** Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE SCHOOLMISTRESS** Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

**THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY** Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

**SWEET LAVENDER** Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE THUNDERBOLT** Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE TIMES** Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE WEAKER SEX** Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

**A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE** Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

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# The William Warren Edition of Plays

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**AS YOU LIKE IT** Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

**CAMILLE** Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

**INGOMAR** Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

**MARY STUART** Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

**THE MERCHANT OF VENICE** Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

**RICHELIEU** Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

**THE RIVALS** Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

**SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER** Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

**TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL** Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

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